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you ever had before.

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**American Motors**

## LETTERS

### Japanese Lanterns

Sir: Re your cover story on Hirohito [Oct. 4]: for generations Japan has made it inferior and sold it cheaper than any country in the world. To make merchandise 10% poorer would mean the shirt wouldn't stand one washing, the appliance wouldn't last a week, and the radio wouldn't even bring in a local station.

It will be healthy for us if they are forced to revert to Japanese lanterns. Then, when the garden party is rained out, we can expect to throw the lanterns away, and the American manufacturer can return to the building of quality products.

SHIELDON WALKER  
Pharr, Texas

Sir: Through the generosity (or naiveté) of the U.S., which supplied capital, raw material, modern equipment, technical assistance and even wide-open markets to the poor defeated Japanese during the past quarter-century, this little island country with no energy resources of any kind was able to reach the enviable position of world's No. 3 industrial power. Yet these ungrateful people are accusing us of deceit. What other country in the world will help Japan carry through to the 21st century with the same rate of growth?

EDWARD K. NIEH  
New York City

Sir: Again we are blaming the Japanese for our economic problems. Your article is something else people can grasp as a rea-

son for hate. It comes at a time when there is a tendency to blame Japan for a trade imbalance created by allowing our workers to become fat and lazy. The simple fact is that the United States has been priced out of the world market. In most industries our workers are not so productive as the Japanese, and our technology is not superior.

RODNEY L. WALLACE  
Brookfield, Ill.

Sir: If it is true, as David Bergamini alleges, that the Emperor of Japan steered his nation into World War II, lost the war and then emerged smelling like a rose to become chief of state of the world's third superpower, perhaps he really is a god, after all.

R.L. WINTER  
Saigon

Sir: I dimly recall a cover story on Emperor Hirohito that included some unusual instructions for respectful treatment of the magazine bearing his likeness. As background for understanding the position of the Emperor, would you reprint those instructions?

ROBERT S. BROYLES  
Los Angeles

► The position of Emperor Hirohito has changed somewhat, but here is the footnote from the issue of June 6, 1932: "Japanese who hope and trust that TIME readers will show every respect to His Majesty have made the following request: let

copies of the present issue lie face upward on all tables; let no object be placed upon the likeness of the Emperor, shown in his sacred enthronement regalia."

### Whipping Boy

Sir: Representative Richard Poff (R., Va.) would have been a great Supreme Court Justice and a valuable asset to the survival of our country.

The liberal press expresses pious concern about divisiveness in the U.S. whenever conservatives fight for what they feel is right. Never a word is said about divisiveness when a few power-hungry "liberals" in the Senate pull out all the stops to smear a man like Poff in order to enhance their political aims.

The South is a powerful whipping boy for ruthless politicians looking for black votes, big-city votes and labor-union votes.

ORION A. TEMPLETON  
Lynchburg, Va.

Sir: Your pompous assertion that "the professional competence of the court will decline" no matter whom Nixon appoints as Associate Justices [Oct. 4] is unjust. Intellectualism does not equal liberalism, does not equal competence.

LAURENCE S. GIORDANO  
West Roxbury, Mass.

Sir: I propose Mr. Nixon for an Associate Justice. He may appoint himself and resign from the presidency at what certainly will turn out to be the height of his popularity, thereby availing himself of the opportunity of a lifetime for the job of a lifetime. He will have the blessings

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of a vast majority of the population, and the Senate is likely to confirm him by a voice vote.

ERIC ROTHSCHILD  
San Francisco

#### Presidents by the Yard

Sir: Now that the American voter's true yardstick of a presidential candidate has been discovered ["Heightism," Oct. 4], it will be interesting to watch the repercussions. Will there be a dump-Nixon drive, followed by a draft for Wilt Chamberlain? Will Muskies be used merely to set up Lew Alcindor? Will Humphrey, too short for the team, be given pom-poms and taught to do backflips?

If this theory is correct, it would appear that Presidents are born, not made. A win by Humphrey over Nixon, however, or of Nixon over any of the others, would of course make short shrift of one of the most short-lived theories ever offered by a shortsighted sociologist.

NORRIS R. WEIMER  
Livermore, Calif.

Sir: With blacks, Mexicans, Italians, women, homosexuals, et al., complaining about discrimination, I wonder if it was necessary for Sociologist Feldman to rile up the Shrimps. Next will be calls for Runt Power.

GUY A. BLAISDELL  
San Diego

Sir: As one of a family of small women, let me point out that females who are below average in size are also at a considerable disadvantage. We are often the last to be noticed and waited on in a crowded store, we are rarely hired for jobs that require the exercise of authority, we have

difficulty asserting ourselves with our children once they have surpassed us in size. Worst of all, we are usually dated by the shorter boys and consequently end up marrying a short man, thereby having to share the life of one of those less successful victims of heightism.

(MRS.) LIA SCHIPPER  
Highland Park, N.J.

Sir: Hooray for Saul Feldman for finally telling it like it is. For fifteen years I have been the victim of size slurs ("How's the weather down there?"). I have finally decided to strike back by forming the L.P.D.L. (Little People's Defense League).

LEWIS SERVIS  
Philadelphia

#### Birthing

Sir: Your abortion report (Sept. 27) states that Birthright was founded by the Archbishop of New York following the enactment of the abortion law. Birthright was founded in 1968 by Mrs. Louise Summerhill of Toronto. It has now spread across the U.S. to 41 cities in 20 states. Each office operates independently. Nearly all are private, nonsectarian, supported by contributions and operated by volunteers. We believe "it is the right of every pregnant woman to give birth and the right of every child to be born."

ROSEMARY DIAMOND  
President  
Birthright of Chicago

► *Despite the common name and mission, the New York organization is separate from the others. In the spring of 1971 the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York founded a group called Birthright, which is staffed by paid social workers and other professionals. It, too, offers help and counsel on a nonsectarian basis.*

#### Where Were the Voices?

Sir: Having been born and schooled in rural North Carolina, I find myself now fed to the teeth with the hue and cry brought on by recent busing decisions.

Where were those voices for the twelve years of my white life that I was bused (a one-hour ride each way) past one Indian school and one black school to an all-white school? I was, I might add, accompanied by some 40 other children.

Any Southerner (and I strongly suspect, any American anywhere) who claims this "new" development to be grossly unfair has developed a very strange lapse of memory and a peculiar blind spot.

LOUISE S. NELSON  
Euclid, Ohio

#### Silver and Civilization

Sir: Claire Patterson's study of the supply of silver in Rome (Oct. 4) is only valid for the economic historian. It is not valid for the cultural historian who sees the fall of Rome as a breakdown in the spiritual ideal of the civilization; that is, a loss of faith in the imperial culture and the emergence of faith in the Christian ideal. The cultural historian sees the economic facts as only one sphere within the total context.

DAVID T. BIRD  
Leesburg, Va.

#### Speed Test

Sir: Your United Nations story (Oct. 4) is not a "Test of Strength" but rather a test of speed: Who can get on the Chi-

nese bandwagon the fastest? Not even one speaker at the U.N. horse-trading session seems to have mentioned the fact that expelling Taiwan from the U.N. means that 14 million people will not be represented in that world body.

At the same session of the General Assembly, some tiny Persian Gulf states were admitted. You should have mentioned that the population of Qatar is 80,000—but of course there is a lot of oil there.

HERMANN ARNDT  
Hong Kong

Sir: The U.S. policy on the admission of mainland China is an exercise in hypocrisy. For two decades the U.S. has defended the "logic" of denying U.N. membership to one-quarter of the world's population.

Now the U.S. has decided for political reasons that it would be "correct" for these millions to be represented. And Washington is shocked that the world does not see the obvious logic of its new two-China policy.

MARSHALL STRAUSS  
Swampscott, Mass.

#### Sun or Water

Sir: Please—no more scientific explanations. Let me keep my belief that the tranquility I felt living in El Paso's Sun Country was not merely "something in the water" (Oct. 4).

(MRS.) BETTY SULLIVAN  
Houston

Sir: El Paso, with tranquilizing lithium in its drinking water, seems a natural solution seeking a problem.

In casting about for problems, I would urge that the Pentagon be moved promptly to El Paso.

Secondary priorities open up a host of attractive possibilities: consider a central facility for restive prison inmates along with their guards; the FBI along with the Mafia; bottled El Paso water in place of bottled gas for riot squads. Or just consider the ramifications of "Madison Avenue, El Paso."

ROBERT K. MCKNIGHT  
Hayward, Calif.

Sir: Lace your own water with lithium! I live in Chicago, and I need every bit of energy and alertness that I can muster to direct in constructive and positive endeavors and to recognize and protest any such mindless suggestions as yours.

EVERETT OEHLSCHLAGER  
Chicago

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BECKERT, LLOYD WEBBER, BENDER, RICE & CRONIN AT EAST PARTY

## A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

WHEN I was a choirboy at St. James' Episcopal Church in New York," says TIME Music Critic Bill Bender, "the last thing I expected to see was a Broadway musical based on the life of Jesus Christ—much less a rock opera." But as *Jesus Christ Superstar* began its evolution from record album to stage spectacle, Bender recognized its importance early on. Lyricist Tim Rice and Composer Andrew Lloyd Webber were putting the finishing touches on *Superstar* in London when Bender mentioned the imminent debut of the opera in our Jan. 12, 1970 cover story on The Band, one of the first rock groups to give penetrating treatment to religion. As soon as the Decca recording appeared last fall, he withdrew to his stereo-equipped office, emerged with an enthusiastic notice—one of the first reviews of *Superstar* published anywhere.

This week's cover story on the show's Broadway opening is more than a critique of the music or the musical. We report on the production's development, the principals responsible for it and the show's impact on Broadway and beyond. The story, written by Bender and Senior Editor Timothy Foote, also discusses the darts and laurels that *Superstar* is attracting; to these we add some of our own.

To cover all facets of *Superstar* in words and pictures required a large cast of journalists. Bender and Reporter-Researcher Patsy Becker interviewed Rice and Lloyd Webber, attended preview and premier performances, reviewed the merits of the show with the notables at the opening-night cast party. Show Business Correspondent Mary Cronin, who saw the production four times, obtained much of the background material for the story in two weeks of intensive interviewing. Jay Cocks, a movie critic who occasionally patrols Broadway as well, wrote a separate profile on *Superstar's* director, Tom (Hair) O'Horgan. Foote prepared for the assignment not only by seeing *Superstar* twice, but also by revisiting, for comparison purposes, *Hair* and *Godspell*, the extraordinary and touching musical drama of the Gospel.

To capture the stage spectacle on film, our Color Projects staff arranged a "photo call"—a performance of the show's highlights *a capella*. Reporter-Researcher Mary Themo was pleasantly surprised by the performers' patience; they had already played two performances that day. "Jeff Fenholt, who plays Jesus, did complain just a bit," she recalls. "He said he had been on the cross too long."

The Cover: Photograph by Eric Meola.

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE  
October 25, 1971 Vol. 98, No. 17

## THE NATION

### AMERICAN NOTES

#### The Nixon Genre

As he himself admits, Richard Nixon has a face that invites caricature. But lately the lampooning of the President has expanded far beyond the cartoonist's drawing board and become a minor genre of the arts. Documentary Film Maker Emile de Antonio has compiled *Millhouse* (TIME, Oct. 18), a wickedly derisive splicing of Nixoniana. Novelist Richard Condon (*The Manchurian Candidate*) has come forth with *The Vertical Smile*, a politico-sexual farce whose hero, Duncan Mulligan, is a Wall Street lawyer, transvestite and presidential candidate known, lest anyone miss the point, as "Funky Dunc."

Finally, Novelist Philip Roth (*Goodbye Columbus*, *Portnoy's Complaint*) has written *Our Gang*, due out in November, starring President Trick E. Dixon, his wife Pitter, Attorney General Malicious, Vice President What's-his-name and others, including Jacqueline Charisma Colossus. In Roth's manically scurrilous satire, Dixon stealthily retires to a bombproof White House locker room during a national crisis and suits up in his "Prissier College" football uniform to bolster his confidence. At times, the mimicry of Nixon's manner and cadences is brilliant. Alternating between the Swiftian and the sophomoric, Roth has Dixon assassinated by drowning in an oversized Baggie and ending up in Hell, running for the office of Devil against Satan himself.

There may be some nasty fun in all of this meat ax malice, and some political truths as well. But most of it is

so extravagantly hostile that even a determined Nixon hater may find himself feeling an unexpected sympathy for the victim. With enemies like that, Richard Nixon may have to lean less on his friends.

#### Fire on the Right

With his China initiative, the President is also taking some satirical fire from the right. William Loeb, publisher of the Manchester (N.H.) *Union Leader* and conservative thinker somewhat abashed of Coriolanus, regards the Peking trip with such horror that he instituted a reader contest to rename the President's plane, now called *The Spirit of '76*. That title, Loeb asserted, is totally inappropriate.

The contest winner was bland enough: *Freedom's Futile Flight*. A few of the other, somewhat more imaginative entries: *Red Airing* (second prize), *Ping Pong Express*, *Tricky Dickie's Chicken Ship*, *Neville Chamberlain Express*, *Yellow Bird*, *Judas Jet*, *Air Farce One*, *Asian Flew*, *Ding-A-Ling Dickie's Rickety Red Rickshaw* and *Go Mao, Pay Later*.

#### A Parcel of Posts

Living in the future places quite a burden on language. For some years intellectuals have sought a vocabulary to describe a society that has, in its own mind, passed outside familiar landmarks into unexplored realities. For a time, as the quarterly the *Public Interest* observes, the voguish literary modifier was "beyond"—beyond tragedy, beyond ideology, beyond capitalism.

Now the new modifier is "post." The *Public Interest* has collected 19 of the new signs:

post-bourgeois, post-capitalist, post-Christian, post-civilized, post-economic, post-historic, post-industrial, post-liberal, post-literature, post-market, post-materialist, post-modern, post-organization, post-protestant, post-puritan, post-scarcity, post-traditional, post-tribal and post-welfare.

Although the terms are sometimes interesting and useful, they have the effect of turning life into a kind of chartless supervoid. Perhaps the real problem is that too many sociologists and other thinkers have grown post-articulate.



NIXON'S MOSCOW KITCHEN DEBATE (1959)

## Summitry:

AND now, Moscow too. Bent on becoming a Sino-Soviet summiteer, Richard Nixon accepted an invitation to visit the Soviet capital late in May for talks with Soviet leaders that will cover "all major issues" affecting the two powers. The Moscow mission will thus apparently follow by several months the President's journey to Peking. If the world does not, in fact, move from an era of confrontation to one of negotiation, it will clearly not be because Nixon did not try.

Yet it was still to Peking that the President was looking first. Only a few days after the Moscow announcement, National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger and nine aides took off for China to make arrangements for the Nixon trip, now expected to take place early in January. After a two-day stopover in Hawaii so that they can arrive rested, the group will spend four days in Peking. While Kissinger and State Department China Expert Alfred Le S. Jenkins seek agreement on a general agenda, other aides will work out the logistics, including the possibility of using a communications satellite to facilitate press coverage.

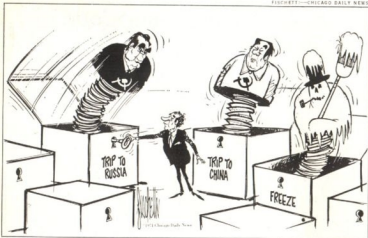
After the China trip, if nothing upsets his plans, Nixon will become the first sitting U.S. President to visit Moscow and only the second to meet Russian leaders in the Soviet Union. Franklin Roosevelt traveled to Yalta for a fateful wartime conference with Joseph Stalin and Winston Churchill in 1945. Despite the postwar chill between the two nations, recent Presidents have been more than willing to seek better relations with the U.S.S.R. by going to Moscow. But Dwight Eisenhower's plans to visit the Kremlin crashed with the shooting down of a U.S. spy plane over Russia in 1960. At the time John Kennedy was killed, talks were under way about a possible presidential visit to Moscow in the spring of 1964. Lyn-

## THE SPIRIT OF '76

THE PRESIDENT'S PLANE

Or Ding-a-ling Dickie's Rickety Rickshaw.





"Surprise-of-the-month club."

## From Peking to Moscow

don Johnson was about to announce his acceptance of a Soviet invitation when the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968.

No Euphoria. Nixon was tense and solemn as he announced his latest travel plans at an unscheduled press conference. Then he accepted questions. No, the trips to Peking and Moscow were not directly related. "Neither trip is being taken for the purpose of exploiting what differences may exist between the two nations." Yes, Peking had been informed of the Moscow plans. So had Japan and the NATO allies. Both trips will be working trips, will include both Secretary of State William Rogers and Kissinger, and will be attended by "an absolute minimum of ceremony." Said Nixon: "The purpose of both visits is not simply cosmetics. We are not taking a trip for the sake of taking a trip." He still felt that summit meetings without a probability of substantive agreements ought to be avoided, since they only "create euphoria." Added the President: "We are not making that mistake."

The go-ahead for the Moscow visit thus rested partly on a common belief in both capitals that a climate of co-operation has been achieved. As Vice President in 1959, Nixon held a famous finger-waving "kitchen debate" with Nikita Khrushchev at an American exhibition in Moscow; he was completely snubbed by Soviet officialdom when he visited Moscow as a private citizen in 1967. But shortly after he became President, he talked publicly of wanting to meet Soviet leaders eventually. He and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko privately discussed the possibility in Washington last year, but agreed that progress on access to Berlin and arms limitation must come first. Now there has been a preliminary four-power agreement on Berlin, and a consensus on limiting defensive missiles seems near in the SALT talks. Gromyko

returned with a formal invitation last month, and Nixon accepted. Throughout, the matter was handled with the complete secrecy of which the President is so fond. Thus Nixon was able to complete his trinity of stunning surprises: the Peking trip, the New Economic Policy and the Moscow summit.

Although Nixon cautioned that he does not expect all of "the very great differences" between the Soviet Union and the U.S. to be resolved in a single visit, Premier Aleksei Kosygin last week contributed to the mood of better Soviet-American relations by cheerily welcoming a group of eight U.S. Governors to the Kremlin and asking them to convey his greetings to Nixon. He hailed the coming Nixon visit as a move toward cementing friendship between the two governments. But what can reasonably be expected from the meeting? The possibilities include agreement on:

**NUCLEAR ARMS.** Nixon hinted that arms control will top the agenda. Even as Pentagon officials were warning of a continuing Soviet arms buildup, Nixon said that he and Soviet leaders should be able to agree "that neither major power can get a decisive advantage over the other" so as to launch "a pre-emptive nuclear attack" or "engage in international blackmail." Defense Secretary Melvin Laird seemed to be arguing that the U.S.S.R. was seeking such an advantage when he told a press conference last week that the Soviet navy was building nuclear missile submarines at a rate that would enable it to match the U.S. Polaris submarine force by 1973—about a year ahead of previous U.S. estimates. He also alluded to the detection of nearly 100 large empty silos in the Soviet Union that still puzzle U.S. intelligence.

Actually, U.S. and Soviet officials concur privately that some kind of first-phase agreement arising from the continuing SALT talks will be signed by

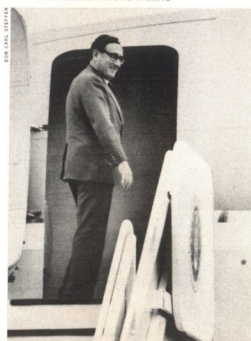


NIXON AFTER ANNOUNCING MOSCOW TRIP

the heads of state at the Moscow meeting. This first step is expected to include a limitation on anti-ballistic missiles to just two sites for each power, and a freeze on intercontinental ballistic missiles, but will presumably depend upon the ability of satellite surveillance to detect violations.

**EUROPEAN SECURITY.** There could be an agreement to hold meetings between NATO and Warsaw Pact nations aimed at reaching a mutual and balanced reduction of forces (MBFR) in Europe. This would deal not only with conventional forces, but also with at least two other problems that SALT is expected to leave unresolved: whether to limit shorter-range nuclear missiles and tactical nuclear weapons borne by carrier-based aircraft. The U.S. might conceivably yield to the persistent Soviet call for a broader European security conference. Such a conference would deal with the status of the two Germanys and the nations of Eastern Europe; the

KISSINGER LEAVING FOR PEKING



Russians will presumably want to formalize the existing political arrangements there. Moscow and Washington alone could not, of course, determine whether such a conference should be held, but U.S. agreement would make its realization likely.

**MIDDLE EAST.** At the least, the two powers could agree to avoid escalation of arms shipments to Israel and Egypt—a practice that once again seems on the verge of another round. Finding ways to encourage a settlement will be far tougher, but in the meantime the mere announcement of the pending meeting tends to reduce the probability of a new outbreak of warfare.

**SOUTHEAST ASIA.** As with the Peking summit, speculation inevitably arises that the U.S. may try to coax the Communist powers into applying pressure on Hanoi to negotiate a settlement in Viet Nam or join in a Geneva-style regional conference that would deal with all of Southeast Asia. But the North Vietnamese remain reluctant. Hanoi feels that it was sold out by the superpowers at the last Geneva conference in 1954, and now sees its goals within reach. Neither Moscow nor Peking seems eager to cooperate in applying pressure, although this remains a remote possibility. At the same time, Washington abounds with rumors that Nixon may just pull another surprise in November when he deals with troop withdrawals from Viet Nam; he could virtually end U.S. military involvement by a fixed date. That would reduce—if not practically eliminate—Viet Nam as an issue at both summit meetings.

Other less momentous matters could be resolved in Moscow. The Russians seem eager to increase their trade with the U.S., particularly by buying equipment to advance Soviet industrial technology. Agreement seems possible on ways to avoid military collisions at sea caused by ships observing each other's naval maneuvers; negotiations on this topic began in Moscow last week.

Despite Nixon's *pro forma* attempt to separate the Moscow and Peking trips—the timing was elaborately arranged to minimize suspicion in each capital that he might be working in collusion with the other—the high-level diplomacy is obviously interrelated. By arranging to visit both Peking and Moscow, Nixon shrewdly made it difficult for either of the rival Communist capitals to back down. More broadly, the two visits symbolize the transition from a period in which the U.S. and U.S.S.R. enjoyed a bipolar dominance into a multipower era in which China and Japan will become increasingly significant factors in global politics. The Kremlin leaders will undoubtedly pump Nixon, however discreetly, on what he may have learned in Peking.

The impending double dose of summitry means that the Nixon-Kissinger dream of a new era of negotiations has taken general shape. The next step is to give it substance.

## Nixon's Not So Supreme Court

WITH the death of Justice Hugo Black and the simultaneous retirement of Justice John Harlan, President Nixon had an unusual opportunity to redress the embarrassment of his two unsuccessful Supreme Court nominations—G. Harrold Carswell and Clement F. Haynsworth. Surely he must now avoid renewed humiliation by proposing Justices of impeccable credentials and unquestioned eminence. But last week, when the names of six potential appointees, including two women, were made known, Richard Nixon once again demonstrated his inability or unwillingness to nominate renowned jurists to the highest tribunal in the land.

That the President was opting for mediocrity and playing politics at the same time became obvious when the White House first floated the name of U.S. Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia. Nixon would be hard-pressed to find a candidate less qualified than Byrd or one more certain to touch off bitter controversy around the country—if not in the Senate, where Byrd replaced Teddy Kennedy as Democratic whip this year.

**Eat Crow.** An organizer for the Ku Klux Klan in the '40s, an affiliation he has since recanted, Byrd, 53, has a less

master stroke and urged Nixon on.

Connally's thesis, reportedly, was that picking Byrd would make the Senate eat crow. After rejecting Haynsworth and Carswell, it would now be faced with rejecting one of its own members. Even Byrd's Senate critics would find themselves in a corner. Connally argued that the Senate would have to approve him because he was a member of the club. The assessment was probably correct. A quiet Administration nose count indicated that fewer than ten Senators would vote no.

As speculation—and dismay—over a Byrd nomination spread, however, White House sources began insisting that he was not a serious candidate. Yet his name appeared on the list of potential

LOS ANGELES TIMES



JUDGE MILDRED LILLIE  
No approach to distinction.



HERSCHEL FRIDAY  
No scarcity of betters.

than statesmanlike record in the Senate. There he has consistently sided with Southern conservatives on civil rights issues and is noted for his "industry" rather than his legal erudition or constitutional insight. Indeed, he has never practiced law. He earned his law degree in 1963 by studying at night, and has yet to pass a bar examination. Even Attorney General John Mitchell demurred when Byrd's name was raised. But one account has it that Treasury Secretary John Connally, Democrat and close presidential confidant, thought that nominating Byrd would be a

appointees submitted to the American Bar Association last week. The others:

**HERSCHEL H. FRIDAY, 49.** "For once Nixon has not latched on to a raving incompetent," says Philip Kaplan, a civil rights attorney who has opposed Friday many times in court. "But still, he's the wrong man for the wrong job at the wrong time." Friday is a smiling but unimpressive lawyer whose firm is the leading legal defender of segregation in Little Rock public schools. Admits former Arkansas Governor Winthrop Rockefeller: "There are other people I would have thought of first." Friday, a Democrat, is a friend of Attorney General Mitchell, a fellow expert on municipal and corporate bond law.

**MILDRED L. LILLIE, 56.** Neither feminists, Democrats nor the Los Angeles legal establishment is pleased with the prospect that Mrs. Lillie, a California state appeals court judge since 1958, may become the first woman Supreme Court Justice. A warm personality, she is not known as a judicial thinker, and even her admirers admit that she seems to go out of her way

TIME, OCTOBER 25, 1971

to interpret the law against criminal defendants. Says U.C.L.A. Law Professor Melville Nimmer: "She has no analytical ability, no depth in framing and perceiving legal issues. Her reputation among law professors and attorneys ranges from mundane and average to something below that."

**PAUL H. RONEY, 50.** Appointed by Nixon to fill G. Harrold Carswell's seat on the Fifth District Court of Appeals in Florida, Roney has not served as a judge long enough to establish a reputation. A former member of the board of governors of the Florida Bar Association, he had no prior judicial experience. Still, he does not seem to have Carswell-style racist skeletons in his closet. At the time of his appointment, according to a Florida civil rights worker, "we did everything we could to find something on the man, and we couldn't come up with a damn thing."

**CHARLES CLARK, 46.** Also a Nixon appointee to the Fifth Circuit Court, in 1969, Clark likewise had no earlier experience on the bench. In 1962, as special assistant to the Mississippi attorney general, he successfully defended Governor Ross Barnett on contempt charges for forcibly resisting the admission of James Meredith to the University of Mississippi. Civil rights advocates consider him a moderate Southerner.

**SYLVIA BACON, 40.** As a Justice Department aide, she helped draft the District of Columbia's controversial no-kill crime bill. Miss Bacon was appointed to her first judgeship seven months ago, and now serves on the D.C. superior court. She is a graduate of Vassar and Harvard Law School. Associates say that she is independent and capable of defining a problem in "very precise terms." Despite her conservatism, she served under Ramsey Clark and helped draft legislation for court reform in the District of Columbia.

In submitting a list of candidates to the A.B.A. one week before he is scheduled to announce which two of the six he will nominate, the President has evidenced disregard for the organization's opinion. A week is hardly enough time for the seven-man committee on federal judiciary to investigate the legal, financial and ethical background of five virtually unknown individuals or even a U.S. Senator. For that matter, White House aides said last week that Nixon may go beyond the six-man slate for his choices and could be considering as many as 15. Of the six he named last week, however, Friday and Mrs. Lillie seem to have the edge.

Perhaps more important, the caliber of the President's prospective appointees re-emphasizes his disdain for the court. The President has every right to name Justices who he expects will reflect his constitutional philosophy, but there is no shortage of better-qualified judicial talent among both Southern and women jurists. Unhappily, not one of Nixon's candidates has attained or even approached judicial distinction.

## DEMOCRATS

### Round 1 to the Regulars

After the horror of the 1968 Chicago Convention, Democratic regulars and reformers were of a single mind: it must never happen again. Vowing to reform itself, the party appointed a 28-member commission to come up with ways of giving "all Democratic voters a full, meaningful and timely opportunity to participate" in choosing convention delegates. The commission issued an array of "guidelines," which were adopted by the Democratic National Committee. Any state party organizations ignoring the reforms, the National Committee warned, did so at peril of losing their seats at the 1972 Convention.

But would they? That would depend partly on the temporary chairman of the convention Credentials Committee,

nominator of Eugene McCarthy, one-time presidential contender in his own right and a tough, no-nonsense reformer. The outcome of the National Committee's voting was lopsided: 72 for Mrs. Harris, 31 for Hughes.

The New Politicians, predictably, lined up behind Hughes, while Party Chairman Lawrence O'Brien, organized labor, conservatives and, ironically, Southerners, stood foursquare for Mrs. Harris. Hubert Humphrey, whose long-time confidant Max Kampelman is one of Mrs. Harris' law partners, hedged his bets by telling an audience before the balloting: "Whatever decision you make, I'm going to like." Edmund Muskie finally made up his mind to authorize his operatives to support Hughes — only a scant day before the voting, so that his influence was lost.

The reformers offset Mrs. Harris' two

WALTER BENNETT



MRS. HARRIS WITH PARTY CHIEF O'BRIEN  
Stretching the bonds between regulars and reformers.

who, for the first time, would select examiners to go into the states to probe reform challenges. The examiners' recommendations on whom to seat would then be accepted or rejected by the full committee. But by picking the judges, the temporary credentials chairman will be able to influence the outcome of disputes. As a result, when the National Committee convened in Washington last week to select the temporary credentials chairman for 1972, there was more than casual interest in the election. When it was over, several liberal presidential contenders had possibly been set back, and the tenuous bond that held regulars and reformers together had become sorely strained.

**Lopsided Vote.** The focus of the struggle was a deceptively soft-spoken black woman, Mrs. Patricia Roberts Harris, a former dean of the Howard University School of Law and Lyndon Johnson's ambassador to Luxembourg. Chosen by the regulars for her race and her sex, Mrs. Harris was matched against Iowa Senator Harold Hughes,

most obvious advantages by enlisting black Brooklyn Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm to nominate Hughes. Labor countered with what Hughes decried as "savage tactics." Some state committeemen were warned that unless they voted for Mrs. Harris, they could forget about A.F.L.-C.I.O. money for next year's congressional campaigns. The most powerful persuader, though, was Old Pro O'Brien. Rumors floated about that O'Brien would resign if Mrs. Harris was not elected. He personally swung at least ten votes only hours before the election.

Whether the party's pledges of reform remained believable after the balloting was another question. Mrs. Harris declared firmly that Democrats would "wreck" the party if reform went unheeded. Some of the embittered losers were predicting, perhaps too gloomily, that a liberal fourth party in 1972 was now inevitable. Many Democrats had an ominous inkling that what they had said could never happen again was already beginning to happen.

## The File on J. Edgar Hoover

UNDER J. Edgar Hoover's dictatorial, 47-year rule, the Federal Bureau of Investigation has in the past been widely regarded as one of the finest law-enforcement agencies in the world. Yet now the 76-year-old director's fiefdom shows evidence of crumbling, largely because of his own mistakes. The FBI's spirit is sapped, its morale low, its initiative stifled. For the first time, there are doubts within the bureau and within the Administration about the FBI's ability to serve as an effective agency against subversion. An experienced former CIA agent, until recently an open admirer of the director, remarks unhappily: "Hoover, because of his personal pride, has seriously affected the efficient operation of American intelligence. And personal pride in a matter of national security

fessor named Thomas Riha. The FBI had refused to give the president of the university any assurance that the disappearance did not involve foul play, but an FBI agent, acting on his own, told a CIA employee that it did not. The CIA man passed on the message —no foul play—to the president, who then let it slip to the press. Hoover was furious. Because of that fairly obscure incident, he has limited most FBI contacts with the CIA since then to written and telephone messages and occasional direct meetings that he specifically approves.

**Sharing the Glory.** Given the complexity of most espionage cases, coordination between the two agencies is often crucial. Men from the FBI and CIA continued, on rare occasions, to circumvent Hoover's directive by

out of our way to cooperate. That would mean sharing the so-called glory. It's an infantile view of things."

In recent months, Hoover has displayed a certain vindictiveness in more minor matters. Angered by a TWA pilot's criticism of an FBI attempt to prevent a skyjacking, Hoover first tried to have the pilot fired, then ordered his agents not to fly on TWA any more. Hoover also concluded that the Xerox Corp. was not cooperating sufficiently in an investigation of the theft of documents from an FBI office in Media, Pa. The FBI learned that copies of the documents distributed to newspapers were made on Xerox machines, and Xerox executives, in Hoover's judgment, did not disclose enough about customers who used the Xerox machines. He proposed replacing all of the FBI Xerox machines with IBM equipment, and was dissuaded only when told it would cost millions.

**Ironie Tangle.** Seven months before Hoover passed the mandatory retirement age of 70 in 1965, Lyndon Johnson extended his tenure indefinitely. Nixon has been as reluctant as past Presidents to face the political outcry that might follow the repudiation of a legend. A tangle of political ironies surrounds the director's present relations with the Nixon Administration. The President and Attorney General John Mitchell have been hoping for months to ease Hoover out with great ceremony and public thanks for his long, remarkable career.

The Administration has grown increasingly disenchanted with Hoover's performance, believing that the FBI was doing too little in intelligence against Soviet agents and against domestic radicals. Yet last spring, when Democrats in Congress led an attack against the FBI for the opposite reason —what they saw as an overzealous expansion of intelligence investigations —the Administration was forced to defend Hoover and postpone his retirement. There are those who believe that Hoover deliberately embroils himself in political controversies precisely because they serve to prolong his tenure. At least one highly ranked Justice Department official has urged reporters not to write stories critical of Hoover, so that the FBI director can be decorously removed.

**Bag Jobs.** Hoover's feud with William C. Sullivan, the former No. 3 man at the bureau, is a measure of the Administration's dilemma. At 59, Sullivan is a 30-year veteran of the bureau with an impressive reputation among intelligence officers here and abroad.

Although long a favorite of Hoover's, Sullivan quarreled with his boss a decade ago over his non-Hooverian contention that the Ku Klux Klan represented a greater threat than the U.S. Communist Party. Since 1967, they have been at odds about espionage restrictions, ordered by Hoover,



has no place. If a guy does that, he is a real liability."

For months a feud between Hoover and one of his most senior assistants has shaken the higher levels of the bureau. In the midst of a bureaucratic war of memos, some FBI men have resigned to escape the crossfire. Said one Justice Department official who has followed the battle: "Hoover is flailing out in all directions. Everybody in the FBI is looking for cover." Even more significant is the pattern of damaging isolation in which Hoover has placed the bureau. A year and a half ago, he ordered the FBI to break off direct daily liaison with the Central Intelligence Agency, raising apprehension in the intelligence community about effective counterespionage in the U.S.

Hoover gave those orders in irritation over a minor piece of information that was relayed by an FBI agent in Denver to a CIA employee in 1969. The case involved the disappearance of a Czech-born University of Colorado pro-

meeting privately, without his knowledge. CIA men complained that Hoover's action effectively cut off the international from the national intelligence effort. One former CIA agent argues that Hoover, finding himself under heavy attack, believes that he is safer making fewer moves and allowing fewer initiatives so that there is less possibility of a damaging mistake.

Last July, Hoover increased his bureau's isolation by abolishing the seven-man FBI section that maintained contact with other U.S. intelligence units —including the Defense Intelligence Agency and the individual armed services' intelligence networks. Some observers speculated that Hoover took the action to prove that he was not discriminating against the CIA, that all major contacts could be handled by telephone and mail. In fact, Hoover has never been eager to exchange information with other intelligence agencies and police departments. Says a former FBI official: "We've never gone



that severely limited FBI investigations of spies. Alarmed at rising criticism of such practices, Hoover curtailed the use of wiretaps and electronic eavesdropping in espionage cases. He also banned what intelligence called "surreptitious entry"—meaning burglary—and a companion tactic, the "bag job," in which agents enter a home or office and examine or copy documents, personal papers or notebooks. In the past, numerous spies—notably Rudolf Abel—have been exposed by bag jobs.

Civil libertarians have long condemned such tactics; Hoover's restrictions, however, resulted only from a pragmatic desire to avoid embarrassing incidents and from his belief that American public opinion would not condone "dirty games" by FBI agents. Along with these strictures, the federal antiracketeering statutes of the 1960s increased FBI responsibility for organized-crime cases and hence necessarily reduced the number of agents available for espionage assignments.

The restrictions and manpower cuts, Sullivan believed, reduced the FBI's capacity to cope with spies at a time when the Soviets were expanding their espionage networks in the U.S. There is thus the irony that Hoover, so often accused of an "archaic" anti-Communist preoccupation, was actually less militant on the subject, in some ways, than Sullivan.

But the ideological boundaries of the current dispute are confusing. A year ago, Sullivan addressed a United Press International conference in Williamsburg, Va., on the dangers to domestic security posed by extremists of both left and right. He minimized the threat from the U.S. Communist Party, a heterodox position that violated

Hoover's familiar thesis that Communists are behind New Left extremists. Sullivan expressed far greater concern that leftist excesses would drive the nation's moderates, its "vital center," toward a dangerous rightist reaction.

**Mail Covers.** Early last year, the Nixon Administration, too, began to worry that the government was not using its intelligence resources effectively enough. A committee of intelligence experts, assembled by the White House with Hoover as chairman, met for weeks discussing ways of coping with foreign spies, racial unrest, campus disorders and leftists in the antiwar movement. Finally, the committee suggested a sweeping expansion of federal intelligence work. Specifically, the committee urged wider use of wiretapping, inspection of letters—"mail covers"—surreptitious entries and bag jobs. Sullivan sympathized with the committee's objectives. Hoover, although chairman, firmly dissented. The White House ordered the suggested policies implemented anyway, but Hoover, appealing to Mitchell, managed to have the White House directive withdrawn. Hoover was infuriated by Sullivan's later attempt to loosen the restrictions he had ordered.

Publicly, the President has had nothing but praise for Hoover; he showed up at an FBI academy graduation last June to say: "The great majority of Americans back Mr. Hoover." Privately, Nixon's men became increasingly critical. In espionage cases, they said, Hoover's FBI, by carrying out fewer bag jobs, failed to supply the raw material that the National Security Agency needed to break codes. "The codes might have been used by the deep-cover 'illegals,' the foreign spies," explained a Justice Department official. "Hoover hasn't caught an illegal in the last six years."

**Correcting the Record.** Further, the Administration was irritated by Hoover's attempts to withhold information from the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department. There was also concern that several times his testimony before congressional committees was wrong—although FBI agents were generally allowed to correct the mistakes before they were entered in the record. Mitchell was especially angered by the way in which Hoover endangered the Justice Department's case against the Rev. Philip Berrigan and others charged with conspiring to kidnap Henry Kissinger, Nixon's foreign-affairs adviser. Hoover insisted on telling a Senate subcommittee about the alleged plot last November, more than a month before a grand jury began to return indictments.

Last summer, as the Administration's dissatisfaction with Hoover increased, the Justice Department took unprecedented steps to curb the director, who for decades had worked with virtual autonomy. The department's public relations men began editing Hoover-



SULLIVAN  
Locked out?

drafted FBI crime reports and news releases. Then Mitchell intervened directly in FBI internal affairs, urging new courses of action and, in some areas, bluntly telling Hoover to change his way of doing things. Hoover accepted the orders, but later fulminated that someone within the FBI was giving the Administration a false picture of his operations. In late July, Hoover dropped Sullivan to No. 4 in the bureau by creating a new post a notch above him. On Aug. 31, Hoover summoned Sullivan to his office and heatedly berated him for 2½ hours. He implied that Sullivan was insolent and disloyal and made it clear that he wanted him to resign.

**Blue Gem.** A few days later, Hoover ordered Sullivan to take two weeks' leave. Sullivan wrote back that a one-week vacation was all he needed. The memo came back inscribed with what is known in the FBI as a "blue gem"—a handwritten note from the director. (Hoover is the only person in the FBI who uses blue ink, so that his messages are instantly recognizable. Other FBI officials use pencil, in part because if they approve a memo moving up the chain of command and then Hoover inks in his disapproval, they can erase their judgment as the memo descends through the chain.) Hoover's "gem" to Sullivan: "Take two weeks.—H."

Sullivan left Washington on Sept. 13, and Hoover moved immediately to choose his successor. He settled on Alex Rosen, chief of the FBI's General Investigative Division. By the time Sullivan returned to Washington, Rosen



HOOPER  
A liability?



was occupying his office. On Oct. 1 Sullivan put himself on "sick leave." That same day, the locks were changed in his office and his name plate removed from the door. On Oct. 2, the FBI announced that Sullivan had retired voluntarily.

If Sullivan had believed that Hoover would be eased out by January, there was now speculation that he would be around for another year or more. It was evident that Hoover, long a master of federal bureaucracy, had managed to swing the Administration back to his side. The Justice Department did one thing for Sullivan. Asked about the FBI announcement that he had retired voluntarily, a department official replied: "That was a Hooverian lie." It was little comfort to Sullivan, who reluctantly gave up his long fight on Oct. 6 and resigned.

The Sullivan-Hoover battle was more than simply an internal bureaucratic feud, and more even than a controversy over different approaches to intelligence operations. It raised serious questions about a secretive, enormously powerful Government agency under dictatorial rule, operating on its own, answerable to no authority except the judgments—or whims—of one man.

## POLITICS

### Exit Bayh

It began, some said, more as a campaign for the vice-presidency than as a quest for the highest office in the land. When it ended last week beneath the crystal chandeliers of the cavernous Senate Caucus Room, the most that could be said for the brief, improbable presidential odyssey of Birch Bayh was that it had come close to being second best. As one of the Indiana Senator's aides put it: "In some of the polls, we were everybody's second choice."

Bayh cut short his undeclared candidacy not because of his disastrously low standing in the polls—which had lately not even bothered to list him—but because of a sudden personal blow. His wife Marvella, a vivacious blonde of 38, had just undergone "critical" surgery for cancer of the breast. "At a time when our nation so desperately needs to reorder its priorities," said Bayh, swallowing deeply, "it is time for me to reorder my own priorities. I must put first things first. My wife Marvella and her well-being and rapid recovery are more important to me than seeking the nomination."

Bayh did not take his leave of the presidential campaign scene without a farewell review of the nation's ills—the rot of Viet Nam, the fact of 5,000,000 unemployed Americans. The room was still as he read his ten-paragraph withdrawal statement beneath television lights. Half a dozen of Bayh's Democratic Senate colleagues were on hand—Hawaii's Daniel Inouye, Iowa's Harold Hughes, Minnesota's Walter Mon-



SENATOR BAYH



MARVELLA

*Reordering his own priorities.*

dale, Missouri's Stuart Symington, Mississippi's John Stennis and Wisconsin's Gaylord Nelson. None of Bayh's erstwhile rivals for the presidential nomination appeared, however.

Only a week before Bayh's sudden announcement, Marvella had joined the wives of other Democratic aspirants in a bit of singing and spoofing for a party skit at a capital hotel. The following day, she was admitted to Washington's Columbia Hospital for Women to have a biopsy for possible cancer. The results were positive. In the next two days, surgeons removed one of her breasts. In the corridor outside Marvella's hospital room, Bayh gathered his top political aides and told them he was quitting. They did not protest.

**Delayed Paychecks.** Nor was there reason to. Even before the tragic turn of events, Bayh's high-financed, super-energy campaign was falling apart. The money that had once been provided in such abundance by financiers like Gilbert Flexi-Van Corp. Chairman Milton Gilbert and Spartans Industries Chairman Charles Bassine had lately slowed to a trickle. Twice during the summer, Bayh was forced to delay paychecks for his staff. The impressive organization that had been the envy of his rivals was beginning to unravel. Around Washington during the past several weeks, rumors had been circulating that the Bayh campaign would not make it to the primaries. As it happened, few sensed more acutely how badly things were going than Marvella Bayh, who had been doubtful about her husband's running in the first place.

In withdrawing, Bayh said that he could "enthusiastically support" any of the nine remaining Democratic contenders. Just who would benefit most from his departure was uncertain, but both the George McGovern and Henry Jackson camps felt that Bayh's pull-

out would help them in the early Florida primary, where, after Indiana, Bayh's primary hopes had been brightest. Bayh went into seclusion. "During this time," he said of his wife, "I want to be at her side—not in Miami or Los Angeles."

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### The Enforcer Steps Down

When Will R. Wilson, head of the Justice Department's Criminal Division, was implicated in June in the financial wheelings and dealings of convicted Texas Swindler Frank Sharp (TIME, Sept. 13), it became only a matter of time before the chief enforcer of federal criminal laws would be forced to step down. Last week Wilson, a 25-year veteran of fighting crime and corruption, turned in a four-page letter of resignation to President Nixon. "Political enemies of the past, misplaced confidences and forces whose face I do not recognize have assailed my character," Wilson wrote. "I cannot permit any side issue to impede the federal drive against organized crime."

There was no denying the "misplaced confidences." Wilson, a former Texas attorney general, accepted a \$30,000 interest-free loan from Sharp after he joined the Justice Department—at a time when Sharp was being investigated by the Securities and Exchange Commission for "systematically looting" three banks and insurance companies. Wilson claimed not to have known that such an investigation was under way. He also asserted that he had done no wrong by using Sharp's money to buy stock for a federal bank examiner who was checking Sharp's bank. The most serious charge that Wilson could not brush off was that he had paid for the installation of eavesdropping devices used against federal and state bank ex-

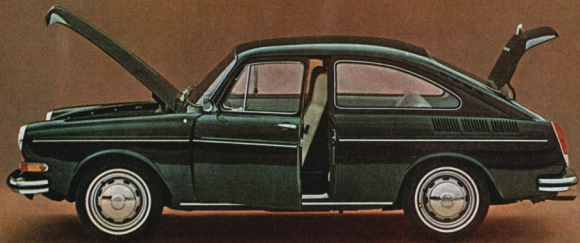
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aminers investigating irregularities in the Sharp-controlled Sharpstown State Bank in 1967. While such bugging is not unlawful in Texas, it did break the security of an official investigation. Wilson insists that he did not know what the fee was for.

Eventually, Sharp pleaded guilty to bilking a Jesuit preparatory school of \$6,000,000, forcing two insurance companies into receivership and causing the first bank failure in the history of Houston. Testifying under a federal grant of immunity, he named Wilson as one of the people involved in creating his financial empire. Whether Wilson's actions were dishonest—or merely unwise—they made his resignation inevitable.

When it finally came, it put a sad end to nearly three successful years of battling mobsters. Attorney General John Mitchell, in a terse, noncommittal statement accepting Wilson's resignation, conceded that his tainted assistant had "contributed significantly to the substantial progress that has been achieved in the war on organized crime." The White House had no comment on Wilson's departure. In the stately corridors of the Justice Department there was an almost audible sigh of relief.

## CRIME

### Cherry Pie

Hubert Gerold Brown was once a Boy Scout in his native Louisiana. At Baton Rouge's Southern University, he majored in sociology for three years, then dropped out in 1962 before graduating to devote his energies to civil rights work, eventually for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. By the time he took over as S.N.C.C.'s national chairman from Stokely Carmichael in 1967, he had become H. Rap Brown, an intractable militant in the Afro hair style, sunglasses and denims that became his uniform. "You'll be happy to have me back when you hear from him," Carmichael joked to reporters. "He's a bad man."

In a matter of months, Brown established himself as a firebrand of the black movement. "We must wage guerrilla warfare on the honky white man," he preached in Jersey City. A week later in Cambridge, Md., amid racial tension, he declared: "If America doesn't come around, then black people are going to burn it down." After parts of Cambridge did indeed burn down that July of 1967, Brown was charged with inciting to riot and arson. He vanished

in March 1970 while out on \$10,000 bail, shortly after a bomb blast killed two of his associates while they were driving in Bel Air, Md.—where pretrial hearings for Brown were being held.

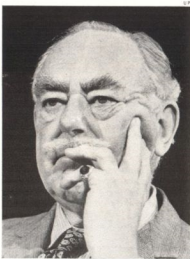
Last week, after 17 months on the FBI's Most Wanted list, Brown, 28, reappeared. The dramatic episode was a bitter elaboration on his mordant dictum: "Violence is as American as cherry pie."

About 2:30 one morning, four black men, heavily armed, robbed a black after hours bar called the Red Carpet Lounge on Manhattan's upper West Side. They ordered about 25 customers to lie on the floor, assaulted some of them, took their wallets and laid down a barrage of fire as they left. As the robbers were scattering outside, they were pursued by six carloads of police who had been alerted by the bar's lookout men. In a running gun battle, two cops were wounded, one of them by a shotgun blast. A patrolman chased one robber to a nearby rooftop and shot him twice in the abdomen. Identified by fingerprints, police said, the wounded man was H. Rap Brown, and he was holding a .357 Magnum revolver when hit. At week's end, he lay in fair condition in a New York hospital.

## The Diplomat Who Did Not Want to Be Liked

IN the 1940s, America was confronted with a fateful choice. In the chaos of the postwar world, should it return to the familiar isolationism that would insulate it from dangers abroad? Or should it continue to intervene in world affairs with the awesome power at its disposal? The U.S. chose the activist path, and the man who embodied that choice was Dean Gooderham Acheson, first as an influential Assistant and Under Secretary of State and then as Secretary. Every step that Dean Acheson took was dogged by criticism, and it is a measure of the man that, when he died last week at 78 of a heart attack, he remained scarcely less controversial. Some praised him for his bold assertion of American leadership; others blamed his policies for leading, ultimately, to a dead end in Viet Nam.

With a characteristic lack of false modesty, Acheson entitled his memoirs *Present at the Creation*. Yet he was not unduly exaggerating. His policies did indeed constitute a kind of creation. During World War II, the U.S. had done little postwar planning. It fell to the Truman Administration to improvise some semblance of international order. With audacious speed, one major-policy decision followed another: in each, Acheson assumed leadership. Economic and military aid were sent, after a strenuous domestic battle, to Greece and Turkey. The Marshall Plan was formulated to revive the prostrate European economy. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization was created to resist Soviet



DEAN ACHESON

*An embodiment of interventionism.*

aggression. When Tito broke with Stalin, Acheson offered him aid. When South Korea was invaded by the North, Acheson urged American military assistance. He took major responsibility for establishing the West German Federal Republic and supplying it with arms.

**Gentlemanly Resignation.** This spectacular interventionism, unparalleled in peacetime America, could be carried off only by a man of singular self-assurance. This Acheson had—to a fault. His career was a textbook example of the rise of a

'patrician in the snug embrace of the American Establishment. His father was a clergyman who migrated to the U.S. from Britain and became Episcopal bishop of Connecticut. His mother was an heiress, daughter of a family of Canadian whisky distillers. Young Dean attended Groton, Yale and Harvard Law School. He married Alice Stanley, his sister's roommate at Wellesley. He clerked for two years for U.S. Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis, who became a fast friend and mentor.

Acheson then joined the well-connected Washington law firm of Covington, Burling & Rublee. From there it was an easy step to Government office. In 1933, Franklin Roosevelt appointed him Under Secretary of the Treasury. But six months later he abruptly left office after being outraged when F.D.R. took the dollar off the gold standard. He had the discretion, however, to keep his objections to himself—a fact that Roosevelt appreciated. When another official resigned with an angry blast at the President, F.D.R. instructed an aide: "Tell that man to go see Dean Acheson to learn how a gentleman resigns."

Acheson had his misgivings about Roosevelt. "It didn't flatter me," he later remarked, "to have the squire of Hyde Park come by and speak to me familiarly, as though I were a stable boy and I was supposed to pull my lock and say, 'Aye, aye, sir.' That was no way for one squire to treat another. But in 1941 Acheson was invited to return to the Government—this time to the State Department—





TRUMAN & ACHESON



ADDRESSING NATO COUNCIL (1952)

ment. He remained for six years, then left to resume his law practice until he was appointed Secretary by Truman in 1949. His success was partly due to his keen analytical mind, but it owed something as well to the impression he created. Acheson seemed to be typecast for Secretary of State, the Continental beau ideal of a diplomat—correct, precise, immaculately attired, imperious or witty as the occasion demanded, ever so slightly condescending.

**Unforgivable Personality.** If his bearing won plaudits overseas, it endeared him to few at home. His enemies might forgive him his policies, but never his personality: it was not mainstream America. As his State Department colleague Louis Halle put it: "He was too unrepresentative to be trusted." Said Canada's former Prime Minister Lester Pearson: "Not only did he not suffer fools gladly, he did not suffer them at all." "A good many members of Congress didn't like me," said Acheson. "This didn't bother me at all. I didn't care whether they liked me or didn't like me. The point was that they did what they were asked to do. And if they did that, they could have any views they liked about me."

They did indeed go along with much of what he proposed, but then some of them savagely turned on him. The collapse of Chiang Kai-shek gave them an excuse. Exploiting a confused and distressed public, Senator Joseph McCarthy seized the issue to denounce the "Red

Dean" and demand his resignation. Illustrating what Halle called a "moral courage that sometimes amounted to recklessness," Acheson came to the defense of Alger Hiss, the onetime State Department official who was exposed as a Soviet agent. "I will not turn my back on Alger Hiss," he told a stunned press conference.

The American right thereupon proclaimed that at last they had proof that Acheson was the Communist dupe they had said he was. Under attack as never before, Acheson offered to resign, but Truman, who vastly admired him, pluckily backed him up. "I suppose an element of pride entered into this," Acheson later explained. "I knew this question was going to be asked. And I knew the press was going to believe I'd run. And I just said, 'I'm not going to run. I'm going to let you have it right on the jaw.' And perhaps I knocked myself out."

He did himself damage, at any rate. When Truman was succeeded by Eisenhower in 1953, Acheson left office under a dark cloud. In time it lifted. His Republican successor, John Foster Dulles, preached a tougher anti-Communist line but practiced much the same policy. Conservatives took another look at the man they had pummeled, and the apologies drifted in. "I was always a conservative," said Acheson. "I sought to meet the Soviet menace and help create some order out of the chaos of the world. I was seeking stability and never had much use for revolution." When John Kennedy was elected President, Publisher Henry Luce urged him to appoint Acheson as Secretary of State. "An interesting idea," replied Kennedy, "but it's too late."

**Hawkish Advice.** Kennedy did seek Acheson's advice at critical times. During the Cuban missile crisis, Acheson urged the President to bomb the Soviet installations and was miffed when J.F.K. refused. He also gave hawkish advice to Lyndon Johnson on Viet Nam. But when he realized in early 1968 that the war was costing more than it was worth, he shocked the President by telling him that he was being "led down the garden path by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. They don't know what they are talking about." Nixon also sought his advice, though in the heat of partisan politics in 1952 he had referred to Acheson's "College of Cowardly Communist Containment." On Acheson's death, the President had kinder words: "I shall greatly miss both his wise counsel and his penetrating wit."

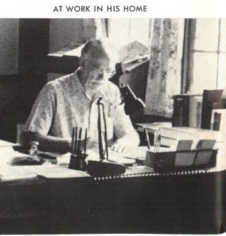
In the erratic politics of America, it is perhaps unsurprising that the man who was vilified for being soft on Communism should later be condemned for being too hard on it. In fact, Acheson's position did not change over the years. A master of *Realpolitik*, he viewed the world in

classic diplomatic terms: a balance must be struck among contending powers. There was no room for morality as such in diplomacy; it spoiled the game and led to fanaticism. All his career he scorned the liberal habit of trying to "exorcise evil spirits by moral incantation." His worst enemies were ideologues, whether of the left or right. He dismissed Henry Wallace, the presidential candidate of the Communist-backed Progressive Party, as a "man who soared into abstractions, trailing a cloud of aphorisms." He branded Joe McCarthy a "primitive" and the "most unlovely character in our political history since Aaron Burr."

Toward the end of his life, Acheson worried about the march of egalitarianism. "It would not be unfair to say that the century of the common man has come into its own. Wherever you look, you'll find governments which are not outstanding in nature. I see grave problems coming from this." A thorough-going elitist, he believed that the best should rule, or at least tend to such complicated matters as foreign affairs; accurately, he ranked himself among their number. At a time when Secretaries of State are more self-effacing and less powerful, it is hard to recall the domination that Acheson exercised over foreign policy. For good or ill, he is not replaceable.



WITH WIFE ON MARYLAND FARM



AT WORK IN HIS HOME



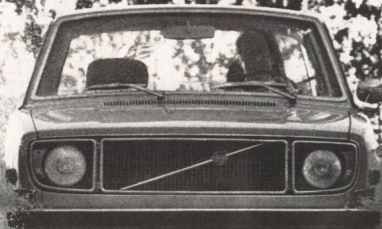
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## THE ECONOMY

# A Costly Trade Victory over Japan

AS he boarded the *Spirit of '76* after sharing tea and sympathy with Emperor Hirohito in Alaska last month, President Nixon gave U.S. Ambassador to Tokyo Armin Meyer a laconic description of a large problem. When it comes to trouble between the U.S. and Japan, said the President, "The code word is 'textiles.'"

The code word was still the same last week when U.S. Ambassador-at-Large David Kennedy and Kakuei Tanaka, head of Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI), met in Tokyo to initial an agreement severely restricting Japanese textile sales to the U.S. Exports of synthetic garments and cloth will be permitted to rise only 5% and exports of woolsens only 1% annually for the next three years. Even that limit may not be reached, because the pact also contains strict item-by-item regulation of 18 specific categories of products; it allows the Japanese almost no freedom to switch shipments from a slowly selling fabric to one which suddenly becomes in great demand.

The "Enemy." Harsh as the terms seemed, the Japanese had little choice. They were "negotiating" under a Nixon ultimatum: agree by Oct. 15 or the White House would impose mandatory quotas under the U.S. Trading with the Enemy Act. U.S. officials further warned that failure to agree to textile quotas could delay the return of Okinawa to Japanese control. With the same strong-arm threat of mandatory quotas, the U.S. forced similar agreements on South Korea, Taiwan and Hong Kong last week. In return, the U.S. lifted the 10% surcharge on textiles from all countries. Except for steel, goods that are restricted by import quotas are exempt from the surcharge, and under rules of

the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, a duty removed from products of one country must be removed for all countries.

The agreement will wipe out some jobs, and even though the Tokyo government stands ready to provide \$700 million to buy up surplus spindles and outdated machinery, Japanese textile manufacturers are not mollified. Last week they organized rallies throughout Japan eclipsing the anti-import rallies staged earlier in the U.S. MITI experts estimate that Japan's textile sales to the U.S. will drop to \$530 million a year, from a recent high rate of some \$560 million—to say nothing of the \$750 million that might have been reached without restrictions. However drastic, that reduction will not save many jobs in the U.S. textile industry; imports from Japan account for only 2% to 3% of the U.S. textile market.

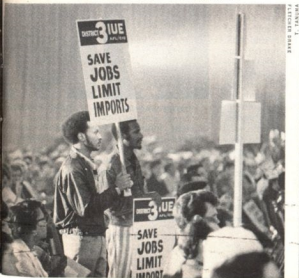
**Lesson for Wilbur.** The trouble is, textile imports in any amount constitute an extremely emotional issue in mill towns around the country, and Nixon seems determined to deliver on campaign promises to textile executives—mostly from the South—who contributed some \$6 million to his 1968 race. He is also irritated with Japanese Prime Minister Eisaku Sato, who, in Nixon's view, has reneged on a 1969 promise to curb textile exports voluntarily. (Sato says he was misunderstood because of an error in translation.) The President also has been eager to teach House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills not to meddle in foreign policy. It was Mills who persuaded the Japanese to start a voluntary restraints program July 1, but his deal did not please Nixon's Southern textile supporters. Nixon's ultimatum to the Japanese infuriated Mills, who insists that

the President was proposing to use the Trading with the Enemy Act in a way never intended by Congress.

In Japan, the threat to invoke the Trading with the Enemy Act has stirred bitter memories of World War II. Race-conscious Japanese are also asking why Nixon has done nothing about West German textile shipments to the U.S., which amount to almost as much as Japanese sales and have been rising more rapidly. Nixon added insult to Japanese injury by choosing to deliver his ultimatum through an obscure bureaucrat: Anthony J. Jurich. In Washington, Jurich is remembered only vaguely as a former foreign policy and defense consultant to the Republican Party and some business firms. In Japan he was totally unknown until Sept. 21, when he turned up unannounced outside Tanaka's office as a spokesman for Nixon and David Kennedy. The embarrassed U.S. embassy could provide little information about him. The State Department had washed its hands of the textile negotiations, which it feels the Administration handled badly.

The Japanese surrender deals a further blow to the fading political fortunes of Sato and his pro-American policies. His party can probably stay in power, but much rancor against the U.S. will remain. About the best that can be said of the settlement is that it frees both U.S. and Japanese officials to concentrate on weightier matters—revaluation of the Japanese yen, for example, and removal of the U.S. 10% import surcharge on all foreign goods. Americans and Japanese can only hope that on those issues both sides will have more of a feel for the other's sensibilities than they have shown in the sorry textile mess.

UNION PROTESTERS IN WASHINGTON



TEXTILE WORKERS DENOUNCE U.S. TRADE BARS IN TOKYO



## PHASE II

### Labor Goes Along—for Now

President Nixon's plans for continuing wage-price restraint after the freeze ends Nov. 13 passed their first major hurdle last week when labor leaders agreed to go along with Phase II—at least for a while. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council decided to let five labor representatives sit on Nixon's proposed Pay Board, which will also have five business and five "public" members. The board will set general rules for pay increases and hear pleas for exemptions.

Essentially, the labor leaders only agreed to play along for a time with the President's ideas and see what happens. At the start, A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany had talked tough and insisted that union chiefs would sit on the Pay Board only if it was to be independent of any veto by Treasury Secretary John Connally's Cost of Living Council. Then Nixon obliged Meany by penning the initials R.N. on a memorandum stating that the COLC will "monitor" the Pay Board's decisions but "will not approve, disapprove, veto or revoke" them.

Contradictory as that language sounds, it offered Meany a chance to participate in the program without publicly eating his words and he took the chance posthaste. Meany warned, however, that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. will not consider member unions bound to forgo strikes or court challenges against Pay Board decisions. In addition, he announced that A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions around the country will set up "watchdog units" to constantly check on how much prices rise during Phase II.

In other developments last week:

► The White House encountered difficulty choosing public members for the Pay Board and Price Commission: several prospective appointees turned down bids either because they lack the time or are opposed to controls. One rumor was that Nixon would ask W. Allen Wallis, chancellor of the University of Rochester, to chair either the Pay Board or the Price Commission.

► Nixon himself added yet another piece to the already complex machinery for rule-making and compliance. He proposed creation of a three-judge Temporary Emergency Court of Appeals to rule on company or union protests against Pay Board or Price Commission verdicts. Appeals from the TECA's decisions would go directly to the Supreme Court.

► Herbert Stein, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers and one of the men who put together the Phase II machinery, told members of the Business Council that "a temporary upsurge of prices is possible in the first few weeks or even months" after the freeze. Said he: "There are a number of more or less legitimate or at least hard-to-resist claims for price and wage increases that have backed up" during the freeze so far.

## A TIME Symposium

# View of America:

*On Aug. 14, the U.S. was a world champion boxer taking punishment in the corner of the ring. On Aug. 15, by one movement, it had gained the middle of the ring and room for maneuver—a true heavyweight able to dictate the fight. But will its legs stand the next hard round?*

WITH this vigorous analogy, Sir Reay Geddes, chairman of Britain's Dunlop Holdings, a huge, diversified rubber concern, summed up many Europeans' views of President Nixon's new economic program and its impact on other countries. Sir Reay was one of 27 top European businessmen who returned to their offices and reported to their governments last week the opin-

sincerely to understand that if no solution is reached by, say, the end of January, the continuing uncertainty may trigger a trade war," said Count René Paul Boël, of Belgium's giant Solvay chemical company. "Nobody wants a trade war, so I consider that there is a willingness on both sides of the Atlantic to push trade and monetary negotiations as fast as possible. I feel there is a real possibility of bilateral or other negotiations being opened on the subject of revaluation of currencies."

Gerrit A. Wagner, of the Royal Dutch/Shell Group, agreed with Count Boël, but warned: "The U.S. means business. This is no flash in the pan. I believe the Europeans should realize that the trade and monetary initiatives taken by the U.S. are irreversible for a long time to come. We can argue about the manner in which they are being done. We cannot argue about the direction in which this country has decided to go. We had better ask ourselves how we can live with this."

Dr. Alfred Schaefer, of the Union Bank of Switzerland, echoed that emphasis: "The U.S. has thrown a stone in the pond of international trade and financial relations. But all of us cannot just lie back and watch what has happened. We have to work together quite fast. If we do not, the waves provoked by the stone could be quite dangerous for the world's economic and financial structures."

### IS JAPAN A KEY TO AGREEMENT?

Japan's plight was well understood by the Europeans, who realized that Japan has been hit hard by U.S. trade and monetary action. The visitors stressed that in its race to become a pre-



SIR REAY GEDDES

COUNT RENÉ BOËL

ions they had formed during TIME's Report on America News Tour. These economic leaders, brought to the U.S. by TIME, met and questioned many policymakers, including Treasury Secretary John Connally, Secretary of State William P. Rogers, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills, and Senators Mike Mansfield, Hugh Scott, Hubert Humphrey, Edward Kennedy, Henry Jackson and Jacob Javits. The businessmen then spent a morning discussing with TIME editors and correspondents their conclusions about the future.

### WILL A TRADE WAR BREAK OUT?

Most of the guests were deeply and fearfully convinced that if the U.S. does not soon remove the import surcharge and other restrictive trade barriers, its trading partners will retaliate with similar measures. Some argued that until the surcharge is scuttled, the world will not find an effective solution to its monetary problems. All agreed that moves made in the next three or four months are crucial, because they will determine whether tensions rise or fall. But the Europeans' fears were soothed somewhat by their interviews with American political and business leaders.

"Those people whom we saw seemed



GERRIT WAGNER

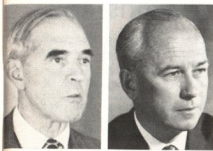
ALFRED SCHAEFER

eminent industrial power, Japan has strained its social and economic framework, leaving itself peculiarly vulnerable to a slowdown in world trade.

"We should not be totally mesmerized by the Japanese," said Sir Reay Geddes. "They are not gods and they have their weaknesses. If their industries lose



# Down and Out or Up and Punching



FREDERIK PHILIPS

SIR ARTHUR NORMAN

sales beyond a certain point, they could very quickly disclose severe weaknesses." Furthermore, said Sir Reay, a turnaround in economic growth could create grave social and political unrest in Japan.

Looking at its vulnerability, the Europeans seemed confident that Japan would make trade and monetary concessions. Said Frederik J. Philips, of The Netherlands' Philips company, Europe's largest electronics concern: "The Japanese do not like to make enemies. They come to terms when they feel it is absolutely essential. Until then, they postpone decisions."

The Netherlands' Gerrit Wagner reminded the discussion group: "In terms of income per capita, Japan is No. 20 on the world list." He added: "In the trade field, there could be one American solution in Europe and quite another in Japan."

## IS THE U.S. BECOMING PROTECTIONIST?

Sir Arthur Norman, chairman of the De La Rue Co. of London, commented somberly: "Over the past few years, the U.S. free-trade lobby has been very successful, generally speaking, in holding back the protectionist tide. That tide has now overtaken us temporarily—and we have to ask how long 'temporarily' will be." Belgium's Count Boël suggested: "I think the U.S. will remain faithful to a doctrine not of free trade, but of fair trade, to gain equality. We and the Americans recognize that the world has changed, that a new approach has to be made."

Pierre Waltz of Switzerland's Société Suisse pour l'Industrie Horlogère, a holding company of watch manufacturers, warned: "We have to assume President Nixon's good faith internationally. But we have also to add that if he does not succeed, this country will almost certainly go protectionist." Gerrit Wagner agreed: "We should take back to Europe a message that though the situation is serious, the U.S. has the best intentions. However, if it is confronted with a choice between a national and an international solution, it will opt for the national one."

## IS THE U.S. BECOMING ISOLATIONIST?

The prospect of an isolationist America perturbed the Europeans. Giuseppe Bertola, of Switzerland's Brown Boveri, said: "I have always found in America a certain missionary zeal. The First World War made the world safe for democracy and revived in Europe the truth about the American dream, the American way of life, and so on. Now it seems that this missionary zeal has been lost in the big changes through which we are passing. America speaks no more of leadership, but of partnership. Everybody is confused by what is intended, because just at a moment when it is necessary, you are giving up your missionary work."

Count Boël commented: "The U.S. is not growing isolationist. But the U.S. now wishes for a doctrine of equality, to be one among the others, sharing the burden and keeping NATO as the cornerstone of this new policy. If I had to give a definition of that policy it would be, 'partnership, strength, and a willingness to negotiate.' Most of the people we met in Washington were in favor of a carefully considered, negotiated withdrawal of U.S. and Soviet troops from Europe."

The prospect of a diminishing U.S. role alarmed Alfred Heineken, of The Netherlands' Heineken Breweries, because he foresaw that a power vacuum would develop. "I have heard everybody from potential Presidents to Congressmen talking about the Europeans and what they should do, and what our contributions to NATO should be. But the fact is that propaganda from Eastern Europe and Russia has been so successful—at least in my country—that it worries me. We fight that, those of us who have slightly capitalistic tendencies, but the task is made harder by what I call masochistic American writing. A lot of negative comments about America penetrate the European brain. I would be extremely happy if America would reestablish some sort of dream. We all know this country is not run by a bunch of fools, but by responsible people. For the world's sake, America should not create a negative impression

about itself because that makes things impossible for us in Europe. We do not want to see NATO end. We do not want to become socialists."

## CAN AMERICA AFFORD BUSINESS AS USUAL?

The Europeans were generally impressed by the quality of American leadership.

Dr. Joachim Zahn, of Daimler-Benz, remarked: "Inflation is a test for the capability of free enterprise and of its superiority to all planned or socialist societies. I say frankly that I admire your President for daring at such a moment to announce a wage-price freeze, to declare that profit is indispensable for progress, and to warn, 'We cannot afford business as usual.' It is our corporate responsibility to support such an approach."

Assessing America's future, Sir Reay Geddes said: "America is powerful, energetic and, like Muhammad Ali, a little



ALFRED HEINEKEN

JOACHIM ZAHN

apt to talk during the fight. In terms of economic and military resources, of skills, tools and weapons, the U.S. is obviously strong. The political system is sometimes noisy and sometimes negative, but it is adaptable and bipartisan in emergency. We are seeing now that ability to respond to emergency. There is spreading from the White House a purity of purpose. The purity may get a little blemished as it spreads, but that is how new ideas start. Senate leaders told us that spirits would rise and confidence grow as the disengagement from Viet Nam was completed and as economic growth came along; the American idea would begin to reassert itself, broadened to include responsibility for the less fortunate. While we were talking about theories, abstractions and statistics, we in this group were worried. When we met the people who do things, we all felt better."

Nevertheless, the visitors were disturbed by the rise of protectionist sentiment. They feared that, once unleashed, protectionism could not be easily restrained, and would lead to a trade and monetary battle that might severely damage the world economy.



PIERRE WALTZ

GIUSEPPE BERTOLA



## THE WORLD

# The China Debate Finally Begins

IN October 1967, Richard Nixon wrote in the quarterly magazine *Foreign Affairs*: "We simply cannot afford to leave China forever outside the family of nations." Four years later, the United Nations this week launches a debate on admitting Mao Tse-tung's regime to that cumbersome, quarrelsome family, and Nixon's shift in U.S. policy ensures that it will become a member.

Not since Nikita Khrushchev's shoe-banging spectacular has the world organization been so galvanized. There is no doubt that the 131 members of the General Assembly will admit Peking

George Bush is nominally in charge of that effort, the man who is really running the show is Secretary of State William Rogers. In waves of private meetings, he has personally pitched the U.S. policy of U.N. membership for both Peking and Taipei to no fewer than 90 foreign ministers. He has sought to emphasize, as he put it last week, that "a precedent might be created on the question of expulsion which would weaken the U.N. as an organization."

Currently, the U.S. strategy involves two resolutions that Bush is expected to put before the General Assembly

the Albanians. Among the possible swingers: Turkey, Greece, Iran, Israel, Panama and Mexico.

**Public Blackmail.** The Nationalist Chinese have been lobbying vigorously. In a recent two-month blitz, Taipei's Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs H.K. Yang visited no fewer than 22 African capitals, all of which happened to be beneficiaries of Nationalist assistance programs; 19 of the African delegations, officials claim, are in Taipei's bag.

For ward-style politicking on a global scale, however, nothing quite matches the U.S. effort. Washington has tra-



ALBANIAN DELEGATE SPEAKING



TAIWAN CHINESE LISTENING

*High drama, plus ward-style politicking on a global scale.*

when the issue comes to a vote, probably next week. The drama revolves around the question: Will the U.S. succeed in its "Two China" policy, or will Taiwan be thrown out of the U.N.?

**Shaky Claim.** The debate is wrapped in enormous practical and psychological importance for the principals. For Peking, expulsion of the rival who has held the seat marked "China" for two decades would be a tremendous victory. For Taipei, expulsion would further weaken Chiang Kai-shek's shaky claim to head the legitimate government not only of Taiwan but of all China. For Moscow, the debate underscores an agonizing conflict between its long-standing hostility to Peking and its longer-standing commitment to support a fellow Communist regime. For the Nixon Administration, preoccupied with a possible clash among right-wingers at home now that the U.S. is supporting Peking's admission, the exercise cannot be anything but painful. It may, in fact, prove completely unworkable, despite the Administration's most earnest attempts.

Though U.S. Ambassador to the U.N.

this week. One calls simply for the admission of Peking to the General Assembly and to China's permanent seat on the Security Council, plus continued membership for Taipei in the General Assembly. The other resolution, the key element in the U.S. strategy, requires that any proposal concerning the expulsion of a member be treated as an "important question" necessitating passage by a two-thirds majority. That would make it nigh impossible for Taipei's enemies to muster enough votes to expel the regime.

Can the U.S. muster the simple majority needed to pass the "important question" resolution? By one count, at week's end the U.S. had 57 fairly secure votes. Supporters of the Albanian resolution, calling for the seating of Peking and the outright expulsion of Taiwan, had 61. There were 13 probable abstentions; if they hold firm, only 118 votes will be cast, making 60 enough for a majority. Thus the U.S. must win over three or four of about ten delegations that are thought to be "approachable" but currently inclined to abstain or vote for

ditionally helped many of the smaller countries with the high cost of maintaining missions in Manhattan—and U.S. officials were not reluctant to hint that they would like to be able to continue the practice. Pressure was brought to bear on Tokyo to enlist Japan as a co-sponsor of the U.S. resolutions. As Washington's man at last week's Persian Empire gala in Iran (see story, page 32), Spiro Agnew had a handy excuse to make stops in Ankara, Teheran and Athens to press for their support.

The U.S.'s talk-tough, hang-tough posture went too far when New York's Conservative-Republican Senator James Buckley warned last week that, if Taiwan is ousted, he and at least 20 colleagues will call for a "dramatic reduction" in U.S. financial support of the U.N. (Washington contributes about 31% of the U.N.'s \$200 million annual budget). Rogers had been pushing the same argument behind closed doors for weeks, but submitting to private blackmail is one thing, and openly acknowledging that one is yielding to pressure is quite another. As part of a modest

# THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN: FACT OR FANTASY?

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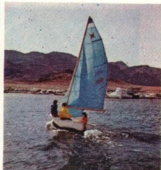
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Administration retreat, Assistant Secretary of State Samuel de Palma denied that the U.S. was resorting to "black-mail." "No threat of that kind is being made," he said—though of course it was.

**Theoretical Sense.** Aside from the Taiwanese and their U.S. allies, the delegates occupying the next uncomfortable position for the next couple of weeks will be the Soviets. Despite their ostensible support of the Albanian resolution, they are in no hurry to seat a delegation from Peking, which could be expected to make full use of the U.N. in pressing its multifaceted case against the Moscow "revisionists." Thus the Soviets have been circulating rumors that Peking is not really interested in coming to the U.N. this year.

The fact is that if the Taipei regime were expelled, the mainland Communists, with their superb theoretical sense, could conceivably have a man on the floor of the General Assembly the next day to deliver a maiden speech. If Peking is admitted but Taipei is allowed to retain its seat, however, Mao's men will almost certainly stay away.

## MIDDLE EAST

### Gasoline by an Open Fire

"The hot stage of the battle with Israel has begun," Egypt's President Anwar Sadat told university professors in Cairo last week. Sadat, preparing to leave on his second trip to the Soviet Union since he became President a year ago, wanted to remind the world that Egypt had friends in Moscow who would help him keep the stage very well heated indeed.

It certainly seemed that way when the two sides met in the Kremlin. Sadat and his entourage were greeted with Soviet-style bear hugs and busses from Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev, Premier Aleksei Kosygin and President Nikolai Podgorny. And, while the Russians stressed their interest in a peaceful settlement in the Middle East, the communiqué that followed ten hours of talks mentioned "measures aimed at further strengthening the military might of Egypt." That announcement triggered the possibility of additional U.S. arms shipments to Israel.

Delivering more weapons to either side at this point is rather like stockpiling gasoline around an open fire. Sadat has pronounced 1971 the "year of decision" in the conflict with Israel, and officials in Jerusalem are all but daring him to try something. Meanwhile, U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers is pressing his effort for an interim agreement that would reopen the Suez Canal and lead toward broader peace talks. While the Suez negotiations have got nowhere, both Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad and Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban have told Rogers, during meetings at his suite in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria, that their governments want the talks to continue.

**Commitment to Balance.** In this situation, Moscow's announcement of additional arms for Egypt infuriated the U.S. "This is a helluva time for them to do this," said one State Department official. Rogers sternly "deplored" the Soviet move "at this stage of sensitive negotiations" and warned: "We will have to consider, in view of this, and in line

## A Dilemma for the U.S.

THE U.S. has expended a fair amount of political capital in its effort to wheedle, cajole or otherwise secure support for its "Two China" policy. Yet that policy is ridiculed not only by the U.S.'s foes and even some of its allies, but also by the two Chinas themselves—each of which claims, for the record at least, to be the one and only legitimate government of China.

Would it be better, as critics like former State Department Under Secretary George Ball contend, just to get the agony over with quickly by quitting the fight to save Taiwan? Is the seat that Chiang Kai-shek's regime has held in the U.N. for the past 26 years really worth all the trouble?

Only a few years ago, it might have been much less trouble to save the seat. If the U.S. had proposed dual representation of Peking and Taipei in the mid-1960s, say, it would almost certainly have won overwhelming U.N. approval. Of course, Mao Tse-tung and his lieutenants have long said that they would never join the U.N. while Chiang's Nationalists remained members, and they are men who mean what they say. But even if Peking had refused to join right away, the U.S. would have been safely out from under its outdated China policy, and the moral burden would have fallen more clearly on Peking for refusing a proffered seat. But unfortunately, the U.S. missed its opportunity.

Supporting dual U.N. representation for Peking and Taipei may be the best policy alternative available to the U.S., but it has many liabilities. If it suc-



U.N. AMBASSADOR BUSH

ceeds, its effect may be to keep Peking out for another year. Thus even some pro-American delegates suspect that they are being used to achieve this result and help Richard Nixon cement his relations with U.S. conservatives in advance of the 1972 election. If the American effort fails, the U.S. loses prestige. Yet the plan has a sort of perverse virtue in that it offers neither total victory nor total defeat to any of the principals involved. As Hudson Institute Futurologist Herman Kahn approvingly describes it, the policy amounts to

"a limited doublecross of everyone."

The alternatives are poor. Openly fighting Peking's entry for another year? That would completely negate the Administration's laudable moves toward a limited rapprochement and could torpedo Nixon's trip to Peking. Put Taiwan over the side? A precipitous U.S. abandonment of the regime, simply because Peking demands it, would be instantly recognized as shabby and immoral. Moreover, by placing in doubt the value of a U.S. commitment, it would send destabilizing shivers through all of Asia. There is no guarantee that it would improve relations with Peking.

It is sometimes argued that it is useless for the U.S. to go all out for Taiwan this year, inasmuch as Peking will almost certainly have enough U.N. support to ensure the ouster of the Nationalists next year. But that argument and those assumptions could easily be upset by new developments, perhaps arising out of Nixon's trip. It is also argued that in view of Chiang's insistence (along with Mao's) that Taiwan is not an independent entity but a province of China, there are no "legal grounds" for the U.S. policy. The issue, in this view, is not one of expelling a member, but deciding which of two claimants to a single seat possesses authentic credentials. The U.S. argues that the Taipei regime governs a population of 14 million—a larger "reality" than any of the latest U.N. entries.

Unhappily, as Sinologist Doak Barnett points out in his book, *A New U.S. Policy Toward China*, Washington faces a dilemma. "Every possible course of action," writes Barnett, "involves some undesirable costs and risks." There is, in short, no easy solution.





EGYPTIANS HUGGED BY (FROM LEFT) BREZHNEV, PODGORYN & KOSYGIN (WITH SADAT)  
A helluva time for Russian arms.

with President Nixon's commitment to maintain the balance of power in the area, the consequences, and make sure that the balance of power does not shift." In the Senate, meanwhile, 78 of 100 members signed a petition urging the Administration to resume delivery of Phantom jets to Israel.

**Dim Outlook.** If the Russians ship offensive weapons to Egypt, such as Sukhoi-11 fighter-bombers or troop-carrying helicopters, the U.S. may well reverse its decision not to send additional Phantoms to Israel. The Israeli air force now has 75 Phantoms; since December, Jerusalem has been trying to buy 72 more at the rate of two a month. The U.S. has been sitting on the request, probably in hopes of pressuring Israel into agreeing to a Suez settlement. In the wake of the Moscow communiqué, the Administration launched a new, intensified review of the arms balance, to be conducted by the National Security Council, Pentagon, State Department and CIA. One point for the reviewers to note: an Israeli report last week that a pair of Soviet Mach 3 MIG-23s, based in Egypt and probably piloted by Russians, flew to within 20 miles of the Israeli coast on what might have been a photographic-electronic reconnaissance sweep but was primarily a political flight to demonstrate Soviet power. The "Foxbat," as the hot new MIG-23 is known to Western defense experts, can outfly and outclimb the Phantom.

The outlook, as a result, is not bright for a Suez settlement. If the U.S. agrees to send additional arms to Israel, the Rogers negotiations could well founder. Then it might only be a matter of time before either side decided to end the cease-fire that has lasted since August 1970. Presumably, the Soviets do not want an outbreak of fighting in the Middle East, since that could wreck President Nixon's summit trip to Moscow next May. At the same time, however, the Egyptians are pressing the Russians for more weapons because of another political fact of life. A U.S. presidential campaign is about to start, and at such times U.S. policy tends to take a strongly pro-Israel tack.

## ISRAEL

### A Homemade Rebellion

Seeking better working conditions, employees at a government desalination plant in Eilat recently tried a novel approach. They stayed on the job until they were so tired that they could no longer obey orders. The sleep-in failed, but it did focus attention on a brewing crisis in Israel. There have been so many strikes and demonstrations in the past few months that Premier Golda Meir has warned: "The situation is deteriorating into a rebellion, not by the Arabs but by our own hands."

Peace, or at least a cease-fire that has endured for 15 months, is behind Israel's problems. Beguiled by safety, Israeli wage earners at all levels are demanding pay increases in order to meet higher taxes and spiraling living costs (an 11% increase so far this year). Postal workers deliver the mail at a snail's pace. Grocers recently struck to protest Israel's 20% devaluation in the wake of U.S. economic moves. Customs inspectors have disrupted the export-import trade with brief but frequent strikes. Even hospital staffs and life-guards have walked off their jobs temporarily. Lost work days were few compared to other nations, but the strikes were highly visible.

**Pure Hooliganism.** The strike that most angered the Labor Party government, however, was a walkout last month by 800 workers at Lod airport. The walkout shut Israel's only international airport, diverted jets to Cyprus and Greece, stranded 1,000 passengers and brought a charge of "pure hooliganism" from Mrs. Meir. Since Lod, leaders of the government, the opposition and labor unions have been meeting to work out tighter laws covering wildcat strikes and walkouts by public employees. Last week, however, their discussions were still stalemated.

Mrs. Meir and her government are blamed for much of the difficulty. Says Hebrew University Sociologist Chaim Adler: "The people who have to make the decisions in Israel have had all their time, effort and energies taken up with war and international affairs. In peacetime we are discovering that poverty, discrimination, religious friction and labor unrest can be as divisive to our nation as the Hebrew language and the threat of war can be unifying."

The internal problems seem endless. A substantial group of people still live below the poverty level. Religious differences have been papered over but hardly solved. Orthodox newspapers regularly preach against licentiousness and warn of a crisis in faith and morals. Israeli doctors recently carried out a two-hour work stoppage because extremists were daubing the homes and cars of pathologists with obscenities; the Orthodox object to autopsies, which are proscribed on religious grounds.

**Chief Rival.** These domestic difficulties may well lead to a political crisis. The defense-minded country is living beyond its means. Preparing the 1972 budget, Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir demanded a \$476 million cut from this year's \$3.1 billion figure. He called for a 16% reduction in defense spending, which accounts for 40% of the budget, and threatened to resign unless the cut is carried out.

The Finance Minister's demands placed him on a collision course with Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, Sapir's chief rival to succeed Golda Meir. The Premier is now 73; she might step down suddenly or retire after 1973's national elections. Dayan, too, warned that he would resign if his budget is so crippled that he cannot ensure public security. If either should resign, that would touch off a Cabinet crisis that would make Israel's peacetime problems even more severe.

STRIKING CUSTOMS MEN AT LOD AIRPORT



# The mother got over her rubella in three days. Unfortunately, her unborn child didn't.



To pregnant mothers, rubella (German measles) means a few days in bed, a sore throat, a runny nose, temperature, and a rash.

But if they're in their first month when they catch it, there's a 40% chance that to their unborn babies it can mean deafness, or a heart condition, or brain damage, or cataracts which cause at least partial blindness.

Only last year, an immunization against rubella became available. But when a pregnant mother

gets immunized, the prevention may be as harmful to her baby as the disease.

So if unborn babies are going to be protected, it will have to be by inoculating the kids who infect the mothers who in turn infect the fetuses.

And it will have to be done now.

You see, rubella epidemics break out every six to nine years. The last outbreak was in 1964. Which means the next one is due any day now.

In the last epidemic, 20,000 babies were deprived of a normal childhood—and 30,000 more deprived of any childhood at all—because no immunization existed.

It would be unforgivable if the same thing happened again because an immunization existed and nobody used it.



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We sell life insurance.  
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# Iran: The Show of Shows

SOMETHING out of the Arabian nights" was what Mohammed Reza Pahlevi commanded—and when Iran's Shah of Shahs orders something, he generally gets it. The cost was \$100 million, more or less, and the cast included a reigning Emperor (Haile Selassie of Ethiopia), nine Kings, five Queens, 13 Princes, eight Princesses, 16 Presidents, three Premiers, four Vice Presidents, two Governor Generals, two Foreign Ministers, nine sheiks and two sultans. That clearly made last week's shindig in Iran's ancient ceremonial center of Persepolis one of the biggest bashes in all history. Whether it was also "the most wonderful thing the world has ever seen," as the Shahanshah described it, is another question.

Representatives from 69 states, including assorted sheikdoms, poured into

—busy for a whole year. Bimonthly flights of aircraft and convoys of trucks that made the overland trip from Paris with relays of drivers transported the wares to the desert.

**Cigars and Roses.** As the party date approached, the Shah came under increasing criticism on the grounds of expense and taste. Peasants in nearby villages may have been impressed—but not exactly pleased—that the government had spent \$50,000 on 50 Lanvin-designed uniforms for the royal court, each requiring one mile of gold thread. As for taste, even the Empress Farah said in an unguarded moment, "There have been a lot of mistakes and lapses"—one of which might have been the choice of pink roses and cigars for signs on rest-room doors. Many Iranians also resented that the extravaganzas

At last week's celebrations, an hour-long parade recalled Iran's many dynasties. To represent the Achaemenians, who wore long beards, 200 Iranian soldiers did not shave for months; in the interests of authenticity, the government turned down a Japanese firm's offer of fake beards. There were also Sassanians, Parthians and Safavids—right down to the 20th century, when the Shah's father, General Reza Khan, a professional soldier of near-peasant origin, seized power in a 1921 army coup. He was ousted by the British and Russians during World War II for inconveniently keeping his strategic country neutral, and the present Shah took over in 1941.

**White Revolution.** The big party was actually nine years late. The celebrations were postponed while the Shah, who feared that his country's poverty might set the stage for a "Red revolution," set about accomplishing a "white revolution from the throne." His peaceful upheaval has been amazingly successful. Since 1962 Iran's gross national product has advanced at an average 9.2% per year, to \$10 billion in 1970. Per capita income has nearly doubled, from \$180 a year to \$350.

Drawing on oil income that now has reached \$2 billion, the Shah has built modern roads, communications facilities and dams. He has bartered natural gas for a Soviet steel plant and a Rumanian tractor factory, and used hard currency to buy more sophisticated Western technology. U.S. and European investment has built an auto-assembly works, an aluminum plant and a petrochemical complex. Though two-thirds of the country's 30 million people still live in villages, Teheran, the capital, has become a bustling city of 3,000,000, with traffic even scarier than Tokyo's.

Democracy is less advanced. Iran has political parties and elections, but the Shah appoints half the members of the Senate and makes all the important decisions. The press is firmly controlled, and criticism of the Shah is wholly forbidden. For the celebrations, the army clamped tight security around a 60-mile circumference of the tent city and, by ironic coincidence, arrested exactly 2,500 potential troublemakers. Iran's security police, SAVAK, tracked each VIP electronically via a small radio transmitter carried by an aide of the guest.

**The Headwater.** Some of the most illustrious names on the invitation list failed to make it. Regrets were sent by President Nixon (who dispatched Spiro Agnew instead), Queen Elizabeth II (who was represented by Prince Philip and Princess Anne) and, in the unkindest cut of all, French President Georges Pompidou, who sent Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas. What was particularly grating was the fact that the Shah had given the affair such a heavily French accent. Taking note of this, Pompidou is reported by a Western diplomat to have



SHAH REZA PAHLEVI ON PEACOCK THRONE



CYRUS THE GREAT

*A bash that even Scheherazade could never have imagined.*

Iran for the monumental Jash'n (celebration) marking the 2,500th anniversary of the founding of the Persian Empire by Cyrus the Great. Awaiting the guests on a dusty, windswept, 5,000-ft.-high plain next to the ruins of Persepolis was a city that even Scheherazade could never have imagined: a 160-acre oasis studded with three huge royal "tents" and 59 lesser ones arranged in a star pattern. The tents were more or less permanent structures of synthetic fabric, with cement bases and wooden partitions; they were built to withstand fire, rot, and winds of up to 70 m.p.h. Decorated by Jansen of Paris, the firm that helped Jacqueline Kennedy redo the White House, the tents were completely air-conditioned and furnished with Baccarat crystal, Cérâle Limoges china and Porthault linens.

Providing the trappings kept Paris merchants—who supplied everything

evolved from a festival of their national culture into a celebration of the monarchy. "This was the Shah's ego coming in," said a Western diplomat. "He is idealistic and patriotic, and he works 18 hours a day running this country all by himself. But he also has a heavy dose of megalomania."

Nonetheless, the Shah was determined to stage his show of shows as "a sign to the rest of the world that Iran is again a nation equal to all the others—and much finer than many." Cyrus the Great provided a handy peg. Iran ("home of the Aryans") was settled by an Aryan tribe from what is now southern Russia. Cyrus, a leader of the Achaemenian dynasty of the tribe, accepted Babylon's surrender in 539 B.C., and by the next year had founded an empire that at its height stretched from present-day India to the Aegean, and from the Danube to the Nile.



Celebration site viewed through the ruins of Persepolis.

Shah and Empress Farah at opening ceremony in Pasargadae.







Warriors garbed as ancient Achaemenians.



Replica of ship from Cyrus' era, pulled by buffalo.

Tribesmen on camels represent Afshar dynasty.





Cavalry men in uniform of the Ashkani.



Foot soldiers recall centuries-long war with the Romans.



Shah at tomb of Cyrus the Great.

Vice President Agnew.



Philippines' Imelda Marcos.



Jordan's King Hussein and Princess Muna.



said: "If I did go, they would probably make me the headwaiter."

There were plenty of acceptances, from King Hussein to Princess Grace and Prince Rainier, as well as Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny. But most of the visitors were lesser-knowns, such as King Moshoeshe II of Lesotho, Liechtenstein's Prince Franz Joseph and Swaziland's Premier Prince Makhosini.

**Miffed Guests.** There were also the inevitable hitches. The French hairdressers Alexandre and Carita were all atwitter when their dryers did not arrive until the second day of the celebration, along with the 400 pairs of false eyelashes, 300 wigs and 240 lbs. of hairpins that they had ordered. Several peeved Persian Gulf sheiks complained that they had to travel the 30 miles from Shiraz airport to Persepolis by air-conditioned

from myself and from my nation. Rest in peace, for we are awake and we will always stay awake."

**Medieval Dish.** Sensitive to criticism that the whole thing was a mite overdone, the Shah inquired angrily before the party: "Why are we reproached for serving dinner to 50 heads of state? What am I supposed to do—serve them bread and radishes?" Hardly. The affair was catered by Maxim's of Paris, which sent to Persepolis 165 chefs, wine stewards and waiters. Maxim's shopping list included 25,000 bottles of wine—including a Château Lafite-Rothschild, 1945, at \$100 a bottle—that were sent to Iran a month early to rest. There were also 7,700 lbs. of meat, 8,000 lbs. of butter and cheese, and 1,000 pints of cream to feed the guests and their legions of attendants. The menu for the

end of the table with a small American contingent, including a bejeweled Mrs. Henry Ford II. The banquet was scheduled to last three hours but ran 5½.

Afterward, the guests trooped into the chill desert night and sat wrapped in blankets at the foot of the ruins to watch fireworks and a *son et lumière* display of Persian history. After an hour the Shah, noticing some royal yawns and glazed eyes, mercifully rose from his chair and almost everybody took the welcome exit cue. The guests trooped back to their tents and had a whole morning to sleep before getting up for lunch, a parade and another dinner with the regal couple before flying home.

## INDIA

### Shunted Aside

There have been more dramatic dismissals—Harry Truman's firing of General Douglas MacArthur in 1951, for example, or Harold Macmillan's simultaneous sacking of seven Cabinet ministers in a 1962 action that earned him the sobriquet "Mac the Knife." But rarely has a top government official been given the boot in as bizarre a fashion as was the chairman of India's Railway Board, B.C. Ganguli.

Since he was appointed to the Cabinet earlier this year, Railway Minister K. Hanumanthaiya, 63, has been at loggerheads with Ganguli, his top civil servant. Ganguli, 57, who was with the railroad for 34 years, was known to regard all ministers as meddlesome, and the officious Hanumanthaiya as particularly so. The Railway Minister reciprocated that feeling, and last week he saw an opportunity to get rid of his adversary.

Ganguli, who had scheduled a nine-day inspection tour of the state of Gujarat, had just got comfortably encooned, along with his wife and personal staff, in his air-conditioned railroad car at a suburban Delhi station. Shortly before the train was to pull out, a junior official rushed up with a notice from Hanumanthaiya that the trip had been canceled. The official also carried instructions that the special car be detached. Angered, Ganguli ordered it recoupled. It was, but some minutes later it was quietly detached once more and the train pulled out.

Spitting with rage, Ganguli called a press conference on the platform. He deplored this "attempted rape of the constitution." Not only would he die for his cause, he said, but "I will appeal to the Supreme Court and to The Hague." With that, he disappeared into his car, which by now had been shunted to a siding, vowing not to come out until justice had been done.

Hanumanthaiya's next move was to obtain a forced-retirement order from Indian President V.V. Giri. The order was duly tacked to the side of the immobilized railway car. After six days, Ganguli ended his sit-in, but as a symbolic protest he had his private car chained to the tracks.



ROYAL BANQUET AT PERSEPOLIS\*

Quail eggs and caviar, peacock stuffed with foie gras, but no radishes.

Mercedes limousine while Agnew, a mere Vice President, insisted on going by helicopter—and did. Haile Selassie, who was expected to arrive with an entourage of five, turned up from his China visit with 72 Ethiopians and a black Chihuahua that was later seen sporting a diamond-studded collar.

Despite the fact that the Shah strictly followed the rules of protocol laid down at the 1815 Congress of Vienna, some guests were miffed. When Kai-Ewe von Hassel, president of West Germany's Bundestag, was sent to represent Federal President Gustav Heinemann, protocol decreed that he be shifted to a hotel and his tent assigned to the higher-ranking Princess Bilgis of Afghanistan. Von Hassel was not happy.

Nonetheless, considering the potential for disaster, the festivities went off remarkably smoothly. They began officially when the Shah visited the unadorned stone tomb of Cyrus the Great at Pasargadae, 50 miles from Persepolis. "O Cyrus, great king, king of kings, Achaemenian king, king of the land of Iran," the Shah intoned, "I, the Shah-anshah of Iran, offer thee salutations

main banquet was up to the occasion: quail eggs stuffed with caviar (the only Iranian dish on the menu); a mousse of crayfish tails in Nantua sauce; stuffed rack of roast lamb and, as a main course, a traditional medieval dish: roast peacock stuffed with *foie gras*. For dessert there was a ring of figs with raspberries in the center, champagne sherbet and mocha coffee. There was also a 33-kg. cake to mark Farah's 33rd birthday, which was last week.

The seating arrangement at the 235-ft. solid mahogany table paired a few improbable dinner guests, such as a robed Gulf sheik, complete with kaffiyeh, next to Maximilien Cardinal de Fürstenberg, the representative of the Vatican. Podgorny was seated alongside Mme. Nicolae Ceausescu, whose husband, the President of Rumania, is not Moscow's favorite chief of state. The Shah sat between Queens Fabiola of Belgium and Ingrid of Denmark. Agnew sat at the

\* Seated left to right: Soviet President Podgorny, the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, an unidentified guest, Monaco's Princess Grace and Pakistan's Yahya Khan.



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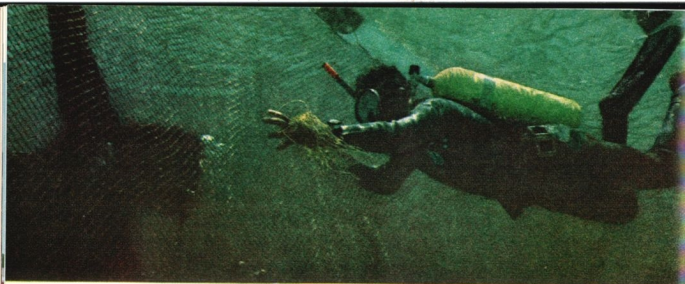
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And Du Pont herbicides are being used by farmers all over the world to help grow more of everything from cotton to sugarcane.

There's a world of things we're doing something about.



## East Pakistan: Even the Skies Weep

IN New Delhi last week, one member of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's Cabinet was heard to remark: "War is inevitable." In Islamabad, President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan spent the better part of a 40-minute television speech railing against the Indians, whom he accused of "whipping up a war frenzy." Along their borders, east and west, both India and Pakistan massed troops. Both defended the action as precautionary, but there was a real danger that a minor border incident could suddenly engulf the subcontinent in all-out war.

Several factors are at work to reduce the likelihood of such an explosion. The Indian-Soviet friendship treaty, signed early in August, deters India from waging war without consulting the Soviets. At the same time, rising discontent and political and economic pressures within West Pakistan have also placed restraints on Strongman Yahya Khan and his military regime. Nonetheless, war remains a distinct possibility. As Mrs. Gandhi said last week at a public meeting in South India: "We must be prepared for any eventuality."

**Intolerable Strain.** The current dispute has grown out of the Pakistani army's harsh repression of a Bengali movement demanding greater autonomy for the much-exploited eastern sector of the divided nation. The resulting flood of impoverished East Pakistani refugees has placed an intolerable strain on India's already overburdened economy. New Delhi has insisted from the first that the refugees, who now number well over 9,000,000 by official estimates, must be allowed to return safely to their homes in East Pakistan.

Before that is possible, however, a political solution must be found that would end the Pakistani army's reign of terror, wanton destruction and pogroms aimed particularly at the 10 million members of the Hindu minority in predominantly Moslem East Pakistan (pop. 78 million at the start of the civil war).

Once, Sheik Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman, leader of the Awami League, the East's majority party, might have held the key to that solution. As the overwhelming winner of the country's first national elections last December Mujib stood to become Prime Minister of Pakistan; now he is on trial for his life before a secret military tribunal in the West on charges of treason.

Though Islamabad has ordered the military command to ease off on its repressive tactics, refugees are still trekking into India at the rate of about 30,000 a day, telling of villages burned, residents shot, and prominent figures carried off and never heard from again. One of the more horrible revelations concerns 563 young Bengali women, some only 18, who have been held captive inside Dacca's dingy military cantonment since the first days of the fighting. Seized from Dacca University and private homes and forced into military brothels, the girls are all three to five months pregnant. The army is reported to have enlisted Bengali gynecologists to abort girls held at military installations. But for those at the Dacca cantonment it is too late for abortion. The military has begun freeing the girls a few at a time, still carrying the babies of Pakistani soldiers.

**A Million Dead.** No one knows how many have died in the seven-month-old civil war. But in Karachi, a source with close connections to Yahya's military regime concedes: "The generals say the figure is at least 1,000,000." Punitive raids by the Pakistani army against villages near sites sabotaged by the Mukti Bahini, the Bengali liberation army, are an everyday occurrence.

The fighting is expected to increase sharply in the next few weeks, with the end of the monsoon rains. Both the Pakistani army, most of whose 80,000 troops are bunkered down along the Indian border, and the Mukti Bahini, with as many as 60,000 guerrilla fighters, have

said that they will soon open major new military offensives.

**Plentiful Arms.** On a recent trip deep into Mukti Bahini territory, TIME Correspondent Dan Coggin found an almost surreal scene. He cabled:

"Leaving the road behind, I entered a strange world where water is seasonal king and the only transport is a large, cane-covered canoe known as the country boat. For seven hours we plied deeper into Gopalganj subdivision in southern Faridpur district. The two wily oarsmen found their way by taking note of such landmarks as a forlornly decaying maharajah's palace and giant butterfly nets hovering like outsized flamingos on stilt legs at water's edge.

"As darkness approached, we were able to visit two neighboring villages, with about 25 guerrillas living among the local folk in each. The guerrillas were mostly men in their 20s, some ex-college students, others former soldiers, militiamen and police. Their arms were various but plentiful, and they had ammunition, mines and grenades.

"A Mukti Bahini captain told me that the Bengali rebels are following the three-stage guerrilla warfare strategy of the Viet Cong, and are now in the first phase of organization and staging hit-and-run attacks. So far the guerrillas in the captain's area of operations have lost about 50 men, and larger army attacks are expected. But the Mukti Bahini plan to mount ambushes and avoid meeting army firepower head-on.

"On my way back to Dacca next day, I came upon a convoy trucker who had been waiting for five days for his turn to board a ferry and cross the miles-wide junction of the great Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers. As we huddled under the tailgate to keep dry, a shopkeeper joined us. Gazing at the puddle forming beneath us, he said: 'Even the skies are weeping for this land.'"

**Always Hungry.** As conditions within East Pakistan have worsened, so have those of the refugees in India. The stench from poor sanitation facilities hangs heavy in the air. Rajinder

EAST PAKISTANI REFUGEES AT RELIEF CAMP NEAR CALCUTTA





Kumar, 32, formerly a clerk in Dacca, says he is "always hungry" on his daily grain ration of 300 grams (about 1½ cups). His three children each get half that much. "They cry for more," he says, "but there isn't any more."

Malnutrition has reached desperate proportions among the children. Dr. John Seamon, a British doctor with the Save the Children Fund who has traveled extensively among the 1,000 or so scattered refugee camps estimates that 150,000 children between the ages of one and eight have died, and that 500,000 more are suffering from serious malnutrition and related diseases.

It is now officially estimated that refugees will swell to 12 million by the end of the year. The cost to the Indian government for the fiscal year ending next March 31 may run as high as \$830 million. The U.S. so far has supplied \$83.2 million for the refugees, and \$137 million in "humanitarian" relief inside East Pakistan. Two weeks ago, the Nixon Administration asked Congress to grant an additional \$250 million.

Senator Edward Kennedy charges that the U.S. is sending another sort of aid to the subcontinent as well. In spite of a State Department freeze on new military aid shipments to Pakistan, says Kennedy, the Pentagon has signed new defense contracts totaling nearly \$10 million with the Pakistan government within the past five months. Kennedy's investigation also revealed that U.S. firms have received State Department licenses to ship to Pakistan arms and ammunition purchased from the Soviet Union and in Eastern Europe.

**Catalyst for Violence.** Observers doubt that the situation would ease even if Yahya were to release Mujib and lift a ban on the Awami League. Where the Bengalis once were merely demanding greater autonomy, they now seem determined to fight for outright independence.

In his speech last week, Yahya also announced that the National Assembly would be convened in December, immediately following by-elections in the East to fill the Assembly seats vacated by disqualified Awami Leaguers. With the main party banned from participation, however, the election is likely to provoke more violence. Already the Mukti Bahini have vowed to treat candidates as *dalals* ("collaborators").

Nonetheless, Yahya may find himself compelled to put his government at least partly in civilian hands. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, leader of West Pakistan's majority Pakistan People's Party and Yahya's most probable choice for Prime Minister, has become more and more outspoken about "the rule of the generals." Recently he said: "The long night of terror must end. The people of Pakistan must take their destiny in their own hands." Formerly that sort of talk would have landed him in jail. Now even Yahya seems to have recognized that unless the military allows some sort of civilian rule it may face trouble in the West as well as in the ravaged East.

## SOUTH VIET NAM A Question of Protection

*Besides being short, I didn't have any knowledge of the area. It wasn't worth maybe getting shot.*

Short, in the vernacular of the G.I., is the happy state in which one has only a few more days or weeks to serve before shipping home. That was the status of the Air Cavalry soldier who explained last week his reasons for declaring that he would not go on patrol. In a sense, it is also the status of the entire 210,000-man force remaining in Viet Nam. Nobody wants to take risks, but particularly not a soldier who is short—as an incident at Fire Base Pace indicated.

Located alongside South Viet Nam's

Viet Nam these days are unaffected by the "I don't want to be the last man shot" syndrome. Thus, when such a patrol was ordered at Fire Base Pace last week, five 1st Air Cav G.I.s took advantage of the presence of a visiting free-lance newsmen, Richard Boyle, to announce that they did not intend to go. They did not actually disobey a direct order, however, and when they were given such a direct command next day they did go on patrol.

For U.S. commanders, bases like Pace are a quandary. "If the guns are pulled out," said one artillery officer, "it will be the same as a slap in the face to the Vietnamese. We will be saying to them that we don't trust them to protect our firebases." At the same time, ARVN must learn to defend such installations, which,

RICHARD S. BOYLE



G.I.s UNDER ENEMY FIRE AT FIRE BASE PACE  
The feeling is, "I don't want to be the last man shot."

Route 22, Fire Base Pace was established for two long-range 175-mm. U.S. guns and two 8-in. howitzers to support Vietnamese army operations along the Cambodian border. The guns and the artillerymen who fire them need defensive support from infantry to keep North Vietnamese troops from getting close enough to use their mortars, bazookas and even small arms.

For four months after Pace was set up last May, the North Vietnamese caused no problems. Since then, however, they have stepped up operations, and the South Vietnamese troops assigned to provide security for Pace are not up to such duty. "We are not strong enough," a Vietnamese sergeant assigned to the base complained last week. "Everytime we move out, we get our asses kicked off."


**Slap in the Face.** The U.S. command has tried with only limited success to protect Pace and similar bases strung along the Cambodian border by means of B-52 raids and assaults by helicopter gunships. As a result, despite orders to keep casualties down, U.S. officers have been compelled to send Americans out on patrols to protect some bases themselves. Few G.I.s in

after all, are there to support the Vietnamese. Unless they do, a U.S. general said last week, "our men are going to be more and more involved in securing fewer and fewer bases."

### Incident on Route 1

Rolling along Route 1 near Danang last week, the driver of a U.S. Army tractor trailer was forced to hit the brakes when a vehicle in front of him abruptly slowed. The tractor trailer jackknifed, knocking a minibus loaded with Vietnamese veterans off the highway. The bus was the last vehicle in the funeral cortege of the leader of an antigovernment veterans' faction, who had been killed by a gunman in Danang. Eight of the veterans were injured, three seriously.

The episode could have ended there, as have many before it. But some of the veterans were armed, and about 100 Vietnamese angrily surrounded the U.S. convoy. After shooting out the front tires of the first and last trucks in the nine-vehicle U.S. convoy, the veterans strung barbed wire around it and demanded the equivalent of about



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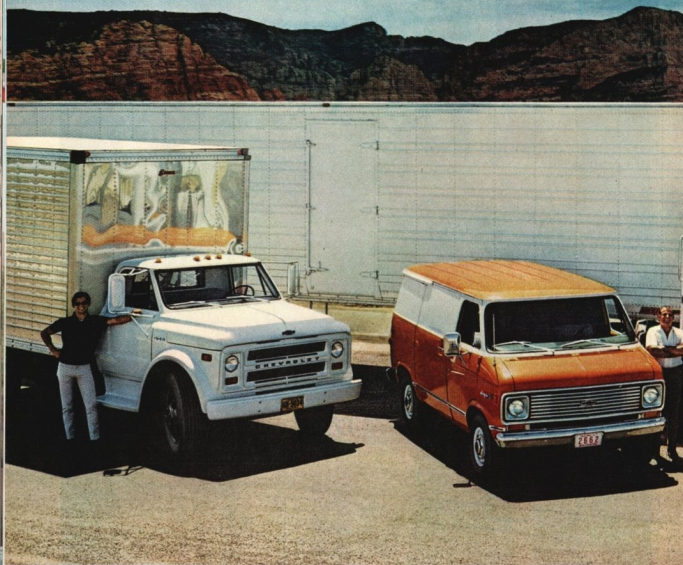
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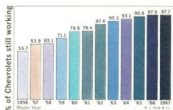
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*Chevy Fleetside Pickup, Titan 90, Chevy Van, Series 50 Conventional Cab. In the background, Oak Creek Canyon, Arizona.*

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paper just couldn't say it.

Diamonds make a gift of love.

\$9,000 to ransom the 14 Americans involved. Eight hours later the G.I.s were finally released after U.S. officers and the province chief agreed to give the veterans \$720 in cash, 170 cases of salad oil and 150 cases of cereal.

The incident is a reminder that G.I.s have long acted as if the roads of Viet Nam belonged exclusively to them; the wise Vietnamese gets out of the way when he sees them coming. Many Americans, moreover, are prone to boast that they would not stop for an accident if they could possibly get away. As one Army major in Saigon put it: "There is a long-established pattern of force and offense among Army drivers. You assume the road is cleared until it proves otherwise." Route 1 proved otherwise.

his government and the nation's students. The quarrel started with student complaints about compulsory military training, which soon escalated into demonstrations against high-level corruption in Park's government. Clamping down last week, the President ordered that any student who opposed military training be expelled from school and immediately conscripted.

The students had chosen the wrong time to take issue with the government. Since August, South Korea has been conducting delicate preliminary negotiations with North Korea through Red Cross intermediaries in the border village of Panmunjom. At stake is the return to their homelands of an estimated 10 million people displaced

England. He gave Western intelligence services a complete list of KGB and GRU (special military espionage) agents operating out of Brussels. NATO circles have reportedly confirmed that Chebotarev and his former co-workers were snooping around NATO in Brussels and the headquarters of SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe) in Casteau, near Mons. It is thought that Soviet espionage activities in Brussels, The Netherlands, where AFCENT (Allied Forces in Central Europe) is based, will also be revealed as a result of Chebotarev's defection.

## AUSTRIA

### The Ball Rolls Left

Even before the polls closed, a down-cast politician at the Vienna headquarters of Austria's conservative People's Party was able to forecast the results. "The ball rolls," he said resignedly, "and it rolls to the left." When all of the nearly 5,000,000 ballots were counted last week, the Socialist Party of Chancellor Bruno Kreisky, 60, had won a majority of the vote—the first for any party since the founding of the Austrian Republic in 1918.

One of the first statesmen to congratulate Kreisky was West German Chancellor Willy Brandt. That was particularly appropriate. Both men spent the war years in neutral Sweden, and both are committed to a reformist, pragmatic brand of socialism.

Austria's Socialists, who had ruled as a minority government since coming to power 18 months ago, garnered 50.04% of the total vote; with 93 of the 183 seats in the lower house, they now enjoy a slim majority in both chambers of Parliament. The People's Party received 43.11% and 80 seats. The misnamed Liberal Party (in which the ghosts of German nationalism walk) stayed at 5.45% and ten seats. The swing to the left stopped short of the Communist Party, which took only 1.36% of the vote and once again fell short—as it has since 1956—of winning a single seat.

The absolute majority was a double triumph for the burly, redheaded Kreisky—as Austria's first Chancellor of Jewish extraction and as a Socialist despite his descent from a prosperous industrialist family. His middle-of-the-road government has pressed for legal reforms, stressed the principle of full employment and, according to a recent report by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, given Austria the highest sustained growth rate (7.1% in 1970) of any developed country except Japan. That record has helped convince middle-class, small-farmer and white-collar groups that Kreisky's Socialists are not necessarily uncultured rogues who dash around expropriating the property of innocent industrialists. In fact, the first opposition group to issue a congratulatory statement of sorts after last week's victory was the Austrian Industrialists' Association.



STUDENTS UNDER GUARD AT KOREA UNIVERSITY  
The uninvited guests brought carbines and tear gas.

## SOUTH KOREA

### Clampdown on the Campus

Students at Seoul National University had just draped the last bits of bunting over decorative arches and buildings when a convoy of uninvited guests arrived to help them celebrate the institution's 25th anniversary last week. Onto the campus poured helmeted, tiger-suited, carbine-packing troops of the country's toughest army unit, the Seoul Garrison Command. At nine other colleges and universities in the capital and the southern city of Kwangju, the scene was duplicated as troops laid down tear gas and broke classroom doors and windows in pursuit of fleeing students. In all, 1,900 students were packed off to jail; all but 92 "hard-core radicals" were released the same day. At the same time, President Chung Hee Park invoked garrison decree—a step just short of martial law—and shut down ten universities indefinitely.

Park's harsh repression was the latest move in a growing conflict between

by the Korean War. Park was convinced that internal troubles in the South could give Pyongyang an excuse to launch a propaganda campaign against his government. The flinty President might have been worried about something else too. Eleven years ago, massive student protests against corruption were instrumental in bringing down the government of his predecessor, the late Syngman Rhee.

## ESPIONAGE

### Homeward Bound

At the rate KGB agents are flowing back to the motherland, Moscow's perennial housing shortage may soon become critical. Last month Oleg Lyalin, a member of the Soviet trade mission in London, exposed the espionage activities that sent 105 Russian officials scurrying home from Britain. Last week Anatole Chebotarev, a reputed friend of Lyalin's and a member of the Soviet trade mission in Brussels, who had been missing for five days, surfaced in

## PEOPLE

Apple was an apple on a pedestal, two rows of flowerless flowerpots were titled *Imagine the Flowers*, and *Iced Tea* was a sizable T made of ice and melting fast. These and about 80 other treasures, executed or inspired by **Yoko Ono**, made up the show that opened at the Everson Museum of Art in Syracuse, N.Y. The works were officially called "Concept Art," but proud Husband **John Lennon**, who celebrated his 31st birthday with the show's opening, noted—perhaps revealingly—that "Yoko likes to call her work con art." Over-30 Syracusans mostly refused to be conned, but the young turned out 6,000 strong on opening day to view *Painting to Let the Evening Light Go Through* (a sheet of Plexiglas) and *Cloud Piece* (a water bed with the invitation to "lie down and watch until a cloud passes from right to left").

A new column has made its appearance in ten California student newspapers. The heavyweight byline: **Ronald Reagan**. But the column may not be there long—however much the Governor needs to mend his fences with young voters. The byline was by far the most interesting part of the first column of answers to student questions. One reason, perhaps, was that Reagan had not bothered to look at the questions or even his replies. "We draw his answers from past speeches and statements," acknowledged a state information officer. "But if the students came up with a real doozy of a question, we would run it past the Governor."

The new waiter at Rome's suburban restaurant **I Fontanone** says that he hopes he will not become a tourist attraction. But **Raffaele Minichiello**, the

U.S. Marine who skyjacked a TWA jet 6,900 miles from California to Italy two years ago, has been getting something of a play in the Italian press with his first job since his release from jail in April. The great thing about the job is being always with people, says Mini, as the papers call him. "I'm very shy, and this is good for me."

Its next president, the Australian Conservation Foundation proudly announced, would be none other than Britain's **Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh**. Labor Party Senator James Keefe promptly resigned his membership with a blast: "The finances of the organization cannot be stretched to cover traveling expenses for a national president who has his headquarters 10,000 miles away." Right on, editorialized *The Australian*, citing the appointment as a step "back into the mould of the great Australian cultural fringe. Is it still necessary that, for a venture to be respectable, it must have an outsider at the head of it?" Prince Philip nonetheless let it be known that he was delighted, would keep in touch and visit Australia regularly. No mention of who picks up the round-trip fare.

Who's afraid of **Ronald E. Galella**? **John F. Kennedy Jr.** is, and so is his sister **Caroline**. Photographer Galella "has dashed at me, jumped in my path, discharged flashbulbs in my face. I feel threatened when he is present," said eleven-year-old John in a legal deposition. "I do not feel safe when he is near," echoed 14-year-old Caroline. The children also cited unnerving incidents in the Mediterranean and at a New Jersey horse show as part of their application for a restraining order to stop Galella



CAROLINE & SECRET SERVICE  
Scared.

from "harassing" them. For his part, Photographer Galella was suing **Jacqueline Onassis** and three Secret Service bodyguards for \$1,300,000 for interfering with his livelihood. "I don't want to bother them," he said. "I'm after a spontaneous, unrehearsed mood—people as themselves. This is what I call my *paparazzi* approach."

It seemed to be music-criticism time in Russia—with special emphasis on the backhanded compliment. U.S. Violinist **Yehudi Menuhin**, in Moscow for a congress of the International Music Council, said that he thought Soviet music was moving toward a "certain measure of sophistication." It used to be that "only one approach was tolerated," explained Menuhin. "But now they are beginning to see that there may be two or more approaches to anything. That is what I mean by sophistication." Also in Moscow, Russian Poet **Yevgeny Yevtushenko** commented on the sound of the great **Duke Ellington**, whose band has been packing in the Red cats for a series of 22 concerts. "A bit old-fashioned," said the poet, "but perfectly executed."

Sam Letroné, proprietor of **Chez Sam** in Paris, went to Peking to see one of his oldtime customers—Cambodia's exiled ruler, **Prince Norodom Sihanouk**. The prince, Sam wrote to *France-Soir* Columnist **Carmen Tessier**, "has a solid appetite. His aunt, a princess, simmers up little dishes. To keep in shape, he plays badminton with Princess Monique and his staff. He still composes songs, and during the Oct. 1 celebrations one could hear his latest work: *Nostalgia for China, Which Everyone Knows*."



RAFFAELE AT WORK  
Shy.

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## TELEVISION

### Falling Stars

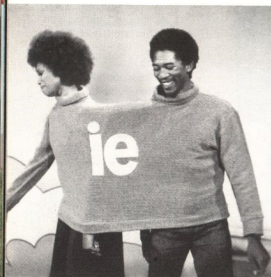
Like the inlaid sidewalks around Hollywood and Vine, the new TV schedule is encrusted with the names of old movie stars. And so far, the old movie greats who now deign to play the miniscreen are getting walked all over in the Nielsen ratings. Though the rankings are still inconclusive this early in the season, only Glenn Ford (*Cade's County*) even makes the top half of the chart, ranking 20th among the 67 prime-time programs. At last count, *The Jimmy Stewart Show* is in 44th place, Tony Curtis' *The Persuaders* is 54th, Anthony Quinn's *The Man and the City* 66th, and Shirley's *World*, with Shirley MacLaine, is 67th and last.

the new daily half-hour reading series for 7- to 10-year-olds, is a worthy sibling of *Sesame Street*, and a bright second cousin to *Laugh-In* in its youthful prime.

**Chic Gig.** The show's first objective is to be entertaining enough to attract and hold what its research staff finds to be a TV-savvy, channel-hopping and, hence, "fearsomely tough" audience. In this they will undoubtedly be successful: *The Electric Company* jolts along at breakneck pace, a charge with knockout graphics, funky score, zonky electronic effects and berserk wit. It takes healthy cognizance that the TV generation is into games Dick and Jane never played. Fargo North, Decoder, is a crack word detective, Easy Reader a hip-talking ad-

in *West Side Story*, and Bill Cosby, who after five seasons gave up Hollywood TV series to pursue a doctorate in education at the University of Massachusetts. Cosby is not unfamiliar with academic slow starters—in worse days he had to do a rerun of tenth grade. The second bananas are all first-rate, notably Judy Graubart, whose roles include Julia Grownup; Skip Hinnant, the Don Adams-style sleuth, Fargo North; Lee Chamberlin, as Rosalie the fortune-teller; and Morgan Freeman, the elongated Flip Wilson cast both as Easy Reader and a soul-sound disk jockey.

**Fierce Alarms.** The reading lessons sneaked into all this entertainment are based on a study of 40 different teaching systems and consultations with more than 100 experts. What survived for next week's premiere shows is a "cafeteria curriculum," including variations



LEE CHAMBERLIN & MORGAN FREEMAN



GRAUBART AS JULIA GROWNUP

For "fearsomely tough" kids, games Dick and Jane never played.

### Sesame Seedling

With the functional illiteracy rate in the U.S. estimated possibly as high as 25%, President Nixon last year proclaimed the 1970s as the "Right to Read" decade. It sounded like many another empty proclamation, except that in this instance the Government assigned the problem in part to the Children's Television Workshop, those truly wonderful folks who gave us the classic show of the preschool generation, *Sesame Street*. On Thursday night, Oct. 21, some 145 commercial channels will carry a sneak preview of what 18 months of research, a budget of \$7,000,000\* and the Workshop's wonted imagination have wrought. Judging from several prescreenings, *The Electric Company*,

dict of the printed word, and Julia Grownup a butterfingers TV chef, whose recipes become a kind of primer. There are parodies of soap operas, TV quiz shows (*Wild Guess*) and the film *2001*, but some of the sassiest material seems lifted from the "Chitlin'," or black vaudeville circuit.

If anything, *Electric Company* wit may be a bit precocious for second-graders, since the head writer, Paul Dooley, is an alumnus of the satirical Second City theater troupe and one member of his staff has just arrived from the *Dick Cavett Show*. It is even now apparent that an appearance on *Electric Company* is going to be the chic guest gig of 1971-72, just as a cameo spot on *Batman* was the kick of the late '60s. Top comics like Mel Brooks, Bob and Ray, Tom Lehrer and Victor Borge have all signed up to do the show.

The series' seven-member repertory troupe features Rita Moreno, the Puerto Rican-born actress who won an Oscar

on both the Look-Say and Phonics approaches still competing for ascendancy among U.S. reading authorities (TIME, March 29). Inevitably, in the next few weeks, the proponents of these orthodoxies and others can be expected to raise fierce alarms. Herman Keld, a spokesman of the phonics school and one of the originators of the *Pop-Up* instructional spots now seen on NBC, has already warned that, though "*The Electric Company* will make the good reader better, the children who are confused will now be lost."

That may be, but Joan Ganz Cooney, the Workshop's president, will run continuous tests on the effectiveness of the show and try to rejigger it accordingly as the season progresses. The same spirit of self-criticism appears on air. Constantly carping at the teachings of other characters and at the idiosyncrasies of the English language is an off-camera omnipresence named J. Arthur Crank.

\* Underwriters, besides the U.S. Office of Education and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, include the Ford Foundation, the Carnegie Corporation and Mobil Oil Corp.

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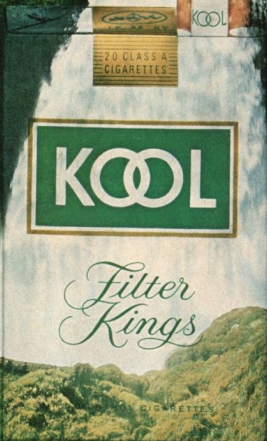
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## BEHAVIOR

### Mind over Drugs

For years, increasing numbers of people have found physical calm and mental tranquility in the practice of various forms of meditation. Now Harvard researchers have confirmed—and gone beyond—earlier studies showing that actual physiological changes sometimes occur during meditation. They concentrated on “transcendental meditation,” the yoga-derived techniques taught by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, who won fame by briefly attracting the Beatles. But the implications are not confined to the Maharishi’s technique, which is only one of many similar disciplines. Meditation, the researchers suggest, may even be of value in alleviating such difficult problems as alcoholism and drug addiction.

Harvard’s Dr. Herbert Benson and R. Keith Wallace report in the current issue of the *American Journal of Physiology* that the metabolic rate of persons engaged in transcendental meditation decreased significantly. The heart pumped less frequently; the electrical resistance of the skin, an indication of emotional tension, increased markedly, showing that the meditator was relaxed; and his body produced smaller amounts of carbon dioxide. The brain’s alpha waves increased in intensity—another sign of relaxation—while less lactic acid was produced in the blood, a possible indication of reduced anxiety.

**Below Normal.** Benson, an internist and cardiologist specializing in hypertension, became interested in the effects of transcendental meditation (TM) while investigating ways to modify high blood pressure. Knowing that the body prepares itself for “fight or flight” by increasing its oxygen consumption, blood pressure, heart rate and secretion of the hormone epinephrine, he theorized that it might be possible to reduce these metabolic factors below their normal rate. Eventually, he and his collaborators conditioned monkeys to lower their blood pressure in order to avoid a slight electrical shock. He then achieved the same result in human volunteers by using a reward technique.

After hearing about Benson’s work, several TM practitioners asked to have their blood pressure studied. Wallace and Benson, working independently, then conducted physiological tests on 36 subjects who practiced TM regularly. In a separate study, they asked 1,862 drug users who had also tried TM

for at least three months to fill out questionnaires. “It was clear,” he says, “that most were at one point heavily engaged in drug abuse. But practically all of them—19 out of 20—said that they had given up drugs because they felt that their subjective meditative experience was superior to what they achieved through drugs. And drugs interfered with their ability to meditate.” For those who drank, the experience was the same. To Benson and Wallace, the physiological changes they detected in their laboratory experiments might well help explain why addicts could substitute TM for drugs.

If transcendental meditation is indeed



MEDITATOR BEING TESTED

Better than pot?

an effective substitute for drugs and alcohol, it could easily be taught to addicts. Unlike true yoga, it requires neither an ascetic life-style nor time-consuming preparations. Four one-hour lessons are enough to teach subjects the basic techniques—and lessons are becoming readily available. Yale University, for example, offers a complete TM course, as do U.C.L.A., the University of Colorado and others. Converts are also spreading the word. TM groups are being organized in cities across the country by an organization called the Students’ International Meditation Society.

Benson remains cautious, however, about TM’s value to addicts. “I cannot under any circumstances say that TM is an alternative to alcoholism or drug abuse,” he insists. He points out that his study is “very biased” because it reported only on people who had learned

meditation and continued to practice it; there was no control group of others who tried to end their addiction without the aid of TM. Also, Benson is careful to note, the reports of the 1,862 drug users were subjective—they merely answered Benson and Wallace’s questionnaires.

Benson feels that better-controlled studies are needed. “What we’re looking at is a behavioral type of approach to various disease patterns,” he says, “to see whether changing one’s behavior by meditation will help. As kooky as this sounds to many people, it has just got to be investigated.” Otherwise, Benson says, no one can tell if TM is indeed useful.

### The Marriage Game

There is only one chance out of 11,705 that an American boy will get married when he is 14. If he does, there is a 20.2% probability that he will eventually be divorced. These are only a few of the statistics published last week in a new 92-page volume called *Social and Economic Variations in Marriage, Divorce and Remarriage*. Issued by the Bureau of the Census and based on a 1967 survey of 28,000 households scattered across the nation, the massive array of figures charts the probable course of marriage in revealing detail.

Some of the highlights:

- ▶ Among men who had married at least 20 years before the survey, 28% of those who married before the age of 22 were divorced—compared with only 13% of those who married after 22. Among women, 27% of those who had entered into teen-age marriages had been divorced, compared with only 14% of those who married in their 20s.
- ▶ Having children during the first two years of marriage doubles the probability of divorce. That high rate occurs, the bureau suggests, because in these cases the marriage was often brought on by a premarital pregnancy.
- ▶ The chances of divorce are twice as high among men who make less than \$8,000 annually as among those who make more.
- ▶ The probability of a first marriage for a white woman reaches a peak between the ages of 22 and 24 and then declines sharply. For black women, the chances for marriage are good and remain about the same between the ages of 20 and 29, and then drastically diminish.
- ▶ A man’s chances of remarriage are twice as great in the five years after his divorce as they are thereafter.
- ▶ In any given year, the odds that a divorced man will remarry are about 17 in 100. For a divorced woman, the figure is only 13 in 100.
- ▶ In 1967, 573,000 men and 706,000 women—about 1% of all those who had ever been married—had been married three times.

## THE LAW

### The Court Starts Work

Though forced to mark time on a number of important cases because of the loss of two members, the Supreme Court has hardly been idle in its new term. Last week the seven Justices dealt with 647 items, in most instances by rejecting petitions for hearings. Highlights of last week's decisions:

► Since 1969, contractors for major federally funded construction projects in Philadelphia have been required to employ an increased percentage of non-white workers. The so-called Philadelphia Plan was devised by the Nixon Administration to combat discriminatory practices in the construction industry, but a group of contractors opposed the plan on the grounds that its "quotas" constitute reverse discrimination. The Administration's approach, said the employers' suit, violates the Constitution's color-blind equal-protection guarantee. Lower courts upheld the plan, ruling that the minority percentages are "goals," not quotas. The Supreme Court last week refused to entertain an appeal, thereby letting the plan stand. From the Administration's point of view, the court's action was almost as good as a formal endorsement of the procedure's constitutionality, and variations of the Philadelphia Plan are now under way in 42 cities. But because the court did not give a full hearing to the case, the action cannot be used as a precedent in related situations. For instance, an attempt to assure nonwhites a minimum number of places at the University of Washington (TIME, Oct. 11) is now under legal attack.

► Laws barring strikes by public employees have long been opposed by labor



SMITH  
Retrial in New Jersey.

leaders as an infringement of the First Amendment. The court seemed unimpressed by that argument in two related cases. In the first, the court affirmed a lower court ruling against the United Federation of Postal Clerks. The union had argued that the federal no-strike rule should at least be limited to those workers shown to be essential to the Post Office's operation. The Supreme Court also refused to upset a New York State labor-law ruling. As a result, the state can still require a pledge from any union wishing to represent public employees that it would not assert the right to strike.

► Lawyers for Attica prison inmates have been allowed to see their clients since the recent uprising, but the attorneys have not always been summoned when state authorities interrogate the prisoners. Charging a violation of the right to counsel and that many of the prisoners were being beaten or threatened, the attorneys asked the court to enjoin questioning of the convicts temporarily while lower courts consider their claims. The court refused to hear the case. Justice William O. Douglas dissented, arguing that the claims should be considered because prisoners are entitled to the protection of the Constitution and because "this is a case in which the public interest runs high."

► The court declined to hear an appeal in the "Baby Lenore" adoption case. The decision meant that Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas DeMartino must surrender their adopted daughter, Lenore, 16 months old, to her natural mother and face a 30-day contempt of court sentence—but only if the DeMartinos ever return to New York State. They fled New York City to avoid giving up the child and now live in Miami. A Flor-

ida judge has ruled that under state law they could keep Lenore.

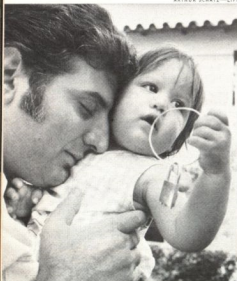
► The court was similarly unwilling to interfere in the case of Edgar Smith, whose more than 14 years on New Jersey's death row is the longest such stay in U.S. history. Five months ago Smith won the right to a new trial on the charge that he bludgeoned a high school cheerleader to death in 1957. The interim victory was based on a finding that Smith had been coerced into making the confession used in the first trial. Though the state says that it will retry him, it must do so within 60 days or set him free.

### Rights for the Retarded

*In these days, it is doubtful that any child may reasonably be expected to succeed in life if he is denied the opportunity of an education. Such an opportunity, where the state has undertaken to provide it, is a right which must be made available to all on equal terms.*

The words were Chief Justice Earl Warren's in the 1954 Supreme Court decision that outlawed public school segregation. Now the *Brown* decision has taken on fresh legal currency for another deprived group—the estimated 1,200,000 school-age children who are classified as retarded. In many school jurisdictions the least able of the retarded youngsters are placed in the dead-end category of "uneducable and untrainable" by school psychologists. Once that label is applied to a child, the schools are relieved of their obligation to train him.

A three-judge federal court in Philadelphia this month ordered Pennsylvania to assure an education for all retarded children in the state. Further, the court set a 90-day deadline for the state to identify every retarded child denied a

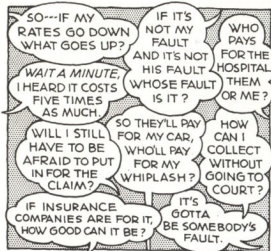


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public education, and it gave educational authorities until Sept. 1 of next year to begin actual teaching. Perhaps 5,000 Pennsylvania children will benefit from the ruling next fall. The decision is expected to encourage suits around the country and will ultimately affect tens of thousands of retarded children.

The court's action was an impressive victory for the Pennsylvania Association for Retarded Children, which brought a class suit against the state last January. Attorney Thomas Gilhool cited Warren's language in the *Brown* case and argued that the exclusionary practices violated the equal-protection clause of the 14th Amendment. With the help of expert testimony from such authorities as Dr. Ignacy Goldberg, Secretary of the International Association for the Scientific Study of Mental Deficiency, Gilhool attacked the myth that some children with low IQs are incapable of learning. The testimony indicated that 29 out of 30 retarded children could achieve self-sufficiency through education and that the remaining one could be taught to care for himself to some degree.

Pennsylvania Governor Milton J. Shapp applauded the decision, saying that it "recognized the relative ineffectiveness of IQ tests as a gauge of the development potential of a retarded child." The court order itself was agreed to by the state education authorities. It is the local school board, often lacking specialized teachers and proper equipment, that decides which children, if any, to exclude. Now it is up to the state to set basic educational policies and to require local authorities to meet them.

### Polite Police

In Great Britain, heavy emphasis is placed on a constable's courtesy toward the public, but police politeness has never been universal practice in the U.S. Last week Chicago Police Superintendent James Conlisk seemed to be in a "think British" mood.

The weekly training bulletin, distributed to every member of the force, was almost entirely devoted to "Etiquette in Police Work." Officers were told to drop such forms of address as "bud," "chum," "fellow" and "lady" in favor of "sir," "madame" and "miss." Other command tips: "Remember that your thoughts and emotions are revealed by facial expression, tone of voice or a gesture. No matter how cynical a police officer becomes, he should not let feelings affect his behavior in public. Never raise your voice. A big mouth does not indicate a big brain." When responding to a complaint, the policeman should enter the person's home as if he were a "guest and not an unwelcome intruder. Remove your hat and wipe your feet before entering. Do not smoke or lounge around as if you were in your own home." The final admonition may be the most difficult to remember: "There is no law against [a citizen's] making a police officer angry."

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## SCIENCE

### Transplanting a Gene

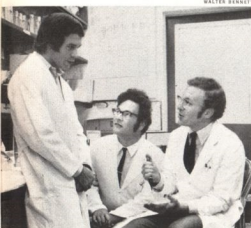
Many scientists have boldly stated that they will some day be able to cure hereditary diseases by changing the genetic mechanism of human cells. The day of such genetic engineering may now be a little closer. In a report to *Nature* on work that the journal hailed as "little short of revolutionary," three American scientists claimed the first successful transplant of bacterial genes into living human tissue.

The cells used by Molecular Biologists Carl Merrill, Mark Geier and John Petricciani at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md. were taken from a victim of the hereditary disease called galactosemia. Because of a defect in the genes in the nuclei of his cells, the victim was unable to produce the essential enzyme that enables the

insinuated their genetic instructions into them. If the genetic transfer had really taken place, the researchers reasoned, the cells would begin issuing their own instructions for making the enzyme.

**Clear Implication.** To find out if those orders were being given, the scientists used another laboratory trick. Before incubation was completed, they had radioactively tagged the cells' messenger RNA (the single-stranded molecule that carries genetic instructions from one part of the cell to another) so they could later identify it. Then they mixed these radioactive strands with complementary strands of genetic material from viruses carrying the crucial gene, hoping that they would combine; pairing off would take place only if the cellular RNA now had the same genetic structure.

To their great satisfaction, the exper-



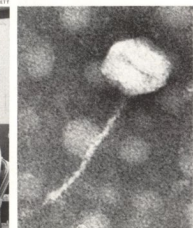
BIOLOGISTS PETRICCIANI, GEIER & MERRILL

*Little short of revolutionary.*

body to metabolize galactose, a simple sugar found in milk and other dairy products. Unless an infant born with the defect is quickly placed on a milk-free diet, he faces malnutrition, mental retardation and even death.

**Favorite Tool.** To correct this genetic failing in such cells, the scientists used a favorite tool of geneticists: bacteriophages, or viruses that prey on bacteria and may pick up genes from them. The viruses used in the test had a particular virtue: the gene that they had acquired from the common intestinal bacteria *Escherichia coli* was the one that orders the bacterial cell to manufacture the same galactose-metabolizing enzyme produced in humans.

Hoping to transmit the gene to the human cells, the scientists placed a solution of the gene-bearing viruses in a lab flask containing the cells. Then they incubated the culture at body temperatures in an atmosphere enriched with carbon dioxide. The next step was more subtle: to determine whether the viruses had actually invaded the cells and



MAGNIFIED GENE-CARRYING VIRUS

menters found that such hybridization of the viral and RNA strands had occurred. In contrast, when the researchers tested RNA from cells that had not been exposed to the viruses, hybridization virtually ceased. The implication was clear: the cells were indeed ordering up the essential enzyme. Furthermore, the scientists not only found the enzyme and confirmed that it was chemically active but also determined that the cells passed on their enzyme-making ability when they reproduced themselves.

The experiment, to be sure, was performed only in the artificial environment of the test tube. But if the results withstand the scrutiny of further testing, the researchers are convinced that their experiment will provide new insights into the workings of the genes. Even more important, it may offer effective means of correcting defects in the human body. Working toward that goal, the NIH scientists disclosed at week's end that they are already attempting the same kind of genetic transplant with a laboratory animal.

### A Wet Moon?

In spite of their heated arguments about the moon's origin, history and composition, lunar scientists usually agree on one point: that the moon is a bleak, waterless place, a million times dryer, as one researcher put it, than the Gobi Desert. That idea was challenged last week, as two Rice University scientists disclosed that they had detected the first evidence of water on the moon.

The provocative report came from Physicists John Freeman and H. Kent Hills. They have been keeping track of signals from extremely sensitive devices left behind at the Apollo landing sites and capable of detecting positive ions, atoms or molecules carrying a positive electrical charge. On at least three occasions, the scientists say, the detectors registered activity that was unusual on the atmosphereless moon: clouds of gases were passing by. Analyzing the data, the scientists determined that the gases had the unmistakable characteristics of ionized water vapor.

Even more intriguing, the greatest flow of gases was detected last March 7, when the seismometers left on the moon were registering strong rumblings in the lunar interior. Convinced that the timing of the seismic activity and ion flows was more than coincidental, Freeman concluded that water may well have burst forth from the moon in geyser-like eruptions, an event that would have been recorded by the seismometers. Then, as the water rose and became a vapor, it also quickly ionized in the strong ultraviolet radiation from the sun, acquired a positive charge and registered on the ion detectors.

If water is in fact locked inside the moon, its presence may be confirmed by electronic surveying gear aboard next year's Apollo 17 flight. Such water could have significance for future lunar explorers and colonizers, who would be relieved of the considerable problem of bringing their supply all the way from earth.

### The Longest Root

Since ancient times, mathematicians have been fascinated by the problem of determining the square root of 2—that number which, when multiplied by itself, will equal 2. As early as 1750 B.C., the Babylonians computed a value that was accurate to five decimal places (1.41421). By 1967, researchers in England, working with a computer, had stretched the answer to 100,000 digits. Now a Columbia University mathematician has surpassed even that prodigious effort. In what may well be the lengthiest computation of a mathematical constant of all time, Jacques Dutka has calculated the square root of 2 to more than one million places.

Starting with a rough approximation of the root derived from the mathematically well-known Pell Equation, Dutka devised a special algorithm (mathemat-



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a woman can't ask a man*

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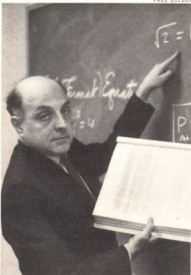
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ical procedure) that enabled a computer to refine that answer to an extraordinary degree. After 47½ hours of computer time and billions upon billions of individual calculations, the electronic brain ticked off an answer that was correct to at least 1,000,082 digits.

Although some of his bemused colleagues jovially accused him of being a "numbers nut," Dutka is convinced that his 200 pages of tightly spaced computer print-out, each containing 5,000 digits, has some practical value. The square root of 2 is what mathematicians call an irrational number, one that runs maddeningly on without any repetitive patterns or predictable sequence no matter how far it is carried out. Such numbers are also apparently completely random,\* an important quality to math-

FRED GOLDEN



DUTKA WITH COMPUTER PRINT-OUT  
Better than the Babylonians.

ematicians, who have contrived lengthy random numbers for use in computer studies of such chance phenomena as incidence of telephone usage, highway traffic patterns and even the lineup of shoppers in a supermarket. Dutka claims, however, that a naturally occurring random number, like the square root of 2, is better for those studies because there may be subtle, hard-to-detect biases in random numbers that are artificially generated.

Delighted by his success, Dutka is now eyeing more ambitious projects: calculating million-digit values for  $\pi$  (3.14159 . . .), the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter; and the mathematical constant  $e$  (2.71828 . . .), the base of natural logarithms and one of the most significant numbers in higher mathematics. Says Dutka: "After that, I can well afford to call it quits."

\* That is, all digits from zero to nine have equal chances of occurring in each place of the number.

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is not new to the people of LaCrosse, Wisconsin. It's as well established as their reputation for being industrious, talented in their work, and proud of a job well done. In addition to a skilled labor force LaCrosse offers excellent transportation facilities and ample resources for its diversified industries. Helping LaCrosse meet its energy needs is natural gas, piped in by Northern Natural Gas Company and distributed by the Northern States

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## MEDICINE

### The Second Messenger

Dr. Earl Sutherland Jr. was hardly fazed when newsmen bearing rumors descended upon his home in Nashville, Tenn., last week. A professor of physiology at Nashville's Vanderbilt University, he remained calmer than the newsmen while a Swedish journalist in the group placed a transatlantic call to a colleague who was waiting outside the room at Stockholm's Royal Caroline Institute where the Nobel Prize Committee was voting. After a while, the Swede suddenly turned from the telephone and gave Sutherland the news: he had been awarded the Nobel Prize in Medicine and Physiology for his long study of hormones, the chemical substances that regulate virtually every body function.

The news was worth \$90,000 in cash and invaluable prestige in his profession. But Sutherland, a physician turned researcher who is more at home in a trout stream than an ivory tower, received the tidings with candid nonchalance. He made unassuming remarks about the award being "terrific" and "an honor and a pleasure." Then he observed: "I've known that I've been under consideration for a long time. My friends were saying, 'Maybe this year or maybe next year.'"

**Slow Worker.** Little known in lay circles, Sutherland has for years been a recognized leader among his colleagues. They believe that his findings are basic to any understanding of body chemistry. Last year his experiments brought him the Lasker Award, the 22nd time since 1946 that this distinction has presaged a Nobel. Though he became interested in hormone studies 25 years ago, Sutherland considers almost everything he did before 1960 merely preparation for his recent research, which established the importance of his earlier findings. "I guess I'm just a slow worker," he says.

His first discovery, published in 1955, was the means by which the hormone adrenaline regulates the breakdown of carbohydrates stored in the liver. He learned that adrenaline works by activating the enzyme phosphorylase, a chemical catalyst that triggers the release of energy-producing glucose. This explains how the body produces additional energy under stress. Then, in 1958, Sutherland isolated a previously unknown chemical called cyclic adenosine 3',5'-monophosphate, or cyclic AMP, that functions in an intermediary role in many hormonal processes.

The discovery was significant. The

newly identified substance proved to be a missing link in a long series of biological control mechanisms. Tests showed that hormones do not act directly on their target organs. Instead, they trigger the production of cyclic AMP, which in turn regulates body functions, increasing the rate at which some take place, slowing down the rate of others. "I like to call it a second messenger," said Sutherland of AMP. Subsequent research showed that his description is apt. Studies have established, for example, that when adrenaline output is increased by fear or anxiety, it is not the adrenaline itself that speeds up



SUTHERLAND AT HOME LAST WEEK  
Insisting on taking a vacation.

the heart; rather, the adrenaline activates cyclic AMP, which stimulates the heartbeat.

**Cancer Key?** Cyclic AMP also plays a role in the digestive and reproductive processes as well as in the brain's system of message transmission. More recent findings indicate that cyclic AMP may also be involved in the transmission of genetic information and in abnormal cell growth. When cyclic AMP is added to cancerous cells, it returns them to normal. Though Sutherland points out that further research is necessary before the clinical implications of this discovery can be evaluated, doctors have already found it tremendously valuable in diagnosing and treating obscure disorders of calcium metabolism, for example. Some of his colleagues believe that the chemical may hold the key to the cure of certain types of cancer.

Sutherland's work has provided a base for most of the research now being done on the body's endocrine system. But Sutherland, now 55, admits that the pace of his own research has slowed

considerably since his breakthrough. "When I got to the bifocal stage," he said, "I decided to give up the 61-day week."

Sutherland does seem to work in a more relaxed manner than many other researchers. He gives much of the credit for his accomplishments to his research assistant, James Davis, who has been with him for 20 years, and to other members of his team. He also believes in getting away from the office whenever he can. "All my life I've insisted on taking a vacation," he said. "I feel you lose ground if you don't." Sutherland, who sometimes calls hormonal research his hobby, regrets that he will be unable to participate in another avocation when he goes to Stockholm in December to accept his prize. Just returned from a fishing trip when his Nobel was announced, he fears that it will probably be too cold by then to cast his line in Sweden.

### Warning on Anaesthetics

Doctors have long recognized that anaesthetics should be used only with extreme care. Some patients have allergic reactions from anaesthesia, and in rare cases the effects are fatal. There are now indications that anaesthesia may also affect the unborn. Writing in *Anesthesiology*, a team of researchers at the Stanford University School of Medicine report their suspicion that pregnant medical personnel whose work exposes them to anaesthetics may have miscarriages as a result.

The three researchers—Drs. Ellis Cohen and J. Weldon Bellville and Biostatistician Byron Brown—conducted parallel studies on two groups of women who serve in hospitals. The first study reviewed the miscarriage rates of 159 nurses. Among the 67 operating-room nurses queried, 29.7% of the pregnancies occurring over a five-year period ended in miscarriage; among the 92 nurses assigned elsewhere in the hospital, only 8.8% of pregnancies ended in spontaneous abortion. The second study involved 131 women physicians, 50 of them anaesthesiologists, the rest used as a control group. Only 10% of the pregnancies that occurred in the control group over a six-year period resulted in miscarriages. Among the anaesthesiologists, the rate was 37.8%.

The Stanford team believes that a large portion of the miscarriages among operating-room personnel may have been caused by inhalation of trace amounts of chemicals that were present in the O.R. atmosphere. The researchers urged further studies to determine whether there is a cause-and-effect relationship. But the authors are not waiting until those studies are completed before issuing a warning about the newly recognized hazard. They have installed better air-filtering machinery in operating rooms at Stanford and suggested that physicians treating pregnant women avoid anaesthesia whenever possible.

## SHOW BUSINESS

# The Gold Rush to Golgotha

*Must then a Christ perish in torment  
in every age to save those that have no  
imagination?*

—Shaw

*You cannot serve God and mammon.*

—Jesus

*Vulgarity: something vulgar—for in-  
stance, seating a chimpanzee at a for-  
mal dinner.*

—Webster

*I just like to stir people up.*

—Tom O'Horgan, director

DEPENDING on how one looked at them, the happenings in and around Manhattan's Mark Hellinger Theater last week would have confuted the claims of Jesus, or confirmed the dark suspicions of Oswald Spengler, who liked to think that the twilight of Western civ-

Mary Magdalene, a quintet of Jewish high priests who call for a "final solution" to their Jesus problem, and King Herod—a queen in full drag. There is also the traitor Judas, played by a black whose considerable talent and limitless energy sometimes upstage Jesus. Clad in silver jockey shorts, Judas returns from the dead on a butterfly-winged acrobatic bar to ask the doomed Jesus "Why you let the things you did get so out of hand?" He does not sing *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*. But, over a heavy blues-rock beat, he does sound the show's provocative theme:

*He's a man—he's just a man*

*He's not a king—he's just the same*

*As anyone I know.*

page study asserting that the show's creators rival even the Passion Play of Oberammergau in blackening Jewish character and posing a threat to "Christian-Jewish relations."

### Pleasure or Rage

Such comments, and the attendant controversy, have had the inevitable result. Almost overnight they guaranteed that *Jesus Christ Superstar*, already jingling along three days after its opening with one of the largest (\$1.2 million) advance sales in Broadway history, will become the one show of the season that must be seen to be believed—or doubted. *Superstar* tickets are \$60 a pair from your friendly scalper.

RADOL GATCHELIAN



PROTESTING "SUPERSTAR" OUTSIDE THE MARK HELLINGER THEATER  
A show that must be seen to be believed—or doubted.

ilization will be marked not by true religion, but by an upsurge of fervid religiosity. *Jesus Christ Superstar*, the rock opera that is rocking Broadway's new season, is show biz with a twist: Director Tom O'Horgan, who was influenced by Olsen & Johnson, has made it into a sort of *Heavenzapoppin*.

Inside the theater, on boards once trod by such creations as Henry Higgins and Eliza Doolittle, a white-robed, rock-age Jesus Christ now strides barefoot. He arrives onstage most phallically, rising like a glittering crocus out of a chalice that somewhat resembles those silvered bowls in which hotels serve grapefruit. He departs crucified on a Daliesque golden triangle that is slowly projected toward the audience by a hidden cherry-picker lift. In *Jesus*' company come a sweetly sensuous, cheek-kissing

Outside the Mark Hellinger, police patrolled the sidewalk at certain time on opening night while pickets marched in protest. Queues of buses continue to disgorge paying customers who have bought seats in blocks: suburban klatsches of all sorts, whole schoolfuls of children, and Protestant, Catholic and Jewish lay groups, many of whom have heard *Jesus Christ Superstar* on records at church or temple. Simultaneously, religious groups, often from the same denominations as those flocking inside, proclaim outrage at the show and lament that it does not include Jesus' Resurrection. YOU'VE GOT YOUR STORY TWISTED! JESUS IS THE LORD. The American Jewish Committee soberly considered whether *Jesus Christ Superstar* is good or bad for the Jews and decided that it's bad. It issued a seven-

British Producer Robert Stigwood is cheerfully predicting that the show, in all its numerous concert and stage guises and disguises, will gross \$20 million by this time next year. Whether the crowds who come get their money's worth or not, they are likely to be at least as stirred to pleasure or rage as the first-night audience was. They can hardly be more divided than the New York critics, whose judgment ranged

TOP: Calmly awaiting trial, Jesus is ringed by Pilate (left rear, under mark of Caesar), priests (right rear), soldiers and the Apostles.

BOTTOM: Twisting in the grip of tormentors, Jesus receives the 39 lashes.

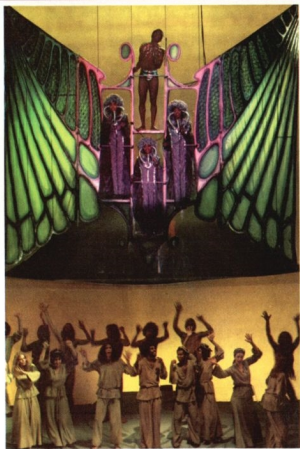
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY ERIC MEOLA



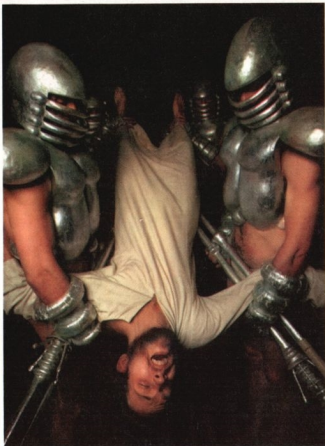


Judas cringes before harangue by priests.

Dismissing Christ, Pilate snarls "Die if you want!"



Giant butterfly wings support Judas above chorus.



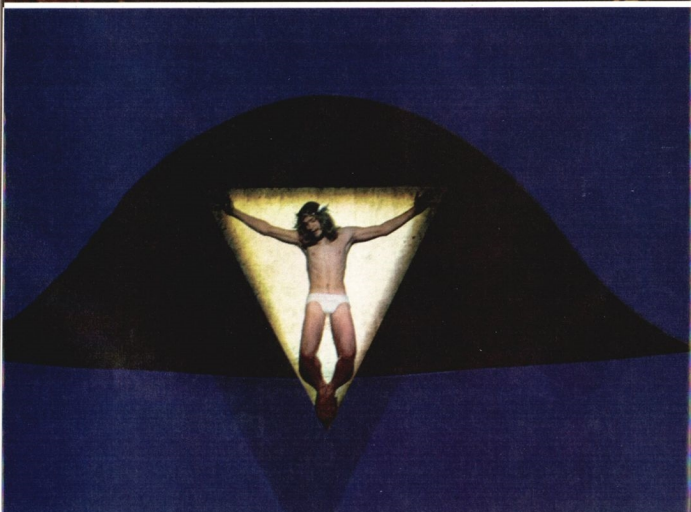
Christ is tortured by soldiers.

Priests on surrealistic bridge watch Christ in Palm Sunday procession.



Judas betrays Jesus with a kiss.

Herod camps it up as he mocks Jesus.



from "flat, pallid and actually pointless" (Post) to "stunningly effective" (Daily News).

Fortunately, critics did not have to review Stigwood's opening-night party for 1,000, which took place at The Tavern on the Green. Like an army of extras for a Fellini movie, the guests turned out to nibble at hams decorated to resemble Indonesian masks, and to dance until 4 a.m. to live rock. Transvestites right out of *The Damned*, complete with dark red lipstick and 1930s feather boas, shouldered their way slinkily past matrons from Westchester. One unidentified chap wore a beige net jump-suit with nothing on underneath, and a woman in gray velvet knickers pulled her off-the-shoulder blouse well below her bosom, while photographers immortalized the view.

Broadway is used to money, hofbo musicals and first-night madness. Box-office records, like prices, gradually escalate. Even by those commercial Broadway standards, *Jesus Christ Superstar* has a good deal going for it besides controversy: eclectic, tuneful rock music, a dramatic book with the most famous cast of characters in Western history, frenetic staging. But there is more to the phenomenon than that.

#### Spiritual Fervor

To begin with, as a sign of the electronic times, *Superstar* is the only Broadway musical ever to have grown from an LP record album that sold in the millions before the opening. First its theme-song single, then the concert album, and finally two concert production groups swept campuses, parishes and high schools in the U.S., appealing to young and old alike. ("I know a woman who's at least 45 and she's going," said an amazed teen-ager from Utica, N.Y., about a local concert.)

More important, *Superstar*'s popularity is a symptom and partial result of the current wave of spiritual fervor among the young known as the Jesus Revolution (TIME cover, June 21). Whether it is a sign of Spenglerian decadence or religious renaissance, there is an obvious yearning to consider Christ not merely as a fellow rebel against worldliness and war, but as history's most persistent and accessible symbol of purity and brotherly love. As a conservative Protestant weekly, *Christianity Today*, pointed out: "Many Christians have ignored this generation's questions about Jesus. For those who will listen, *Superstar* tells what young people are saying."

On these terms *Jesus Christ Superstar* is simply a pop musical forced to stand in for "the greatest story ever told." It does not pretend to span the enormous scope of the Gospels, simply the last seven days in Jesus' life but with the divinity of Christ and the Resurrection left out. *JCS* was created by two talented, engaging young Englishmen, lyricist Tim Rice, 26, and Composer Andrew Lloyd Webber, 23.

They admit that they were fascinated by "the incredible drama" of the Christ story, as well as by a number of human perplexities: Why, for example, did everything go so wrong for Jesus? Why didn't he choose to make his appearance on earth today, when he could have the benefit of mass communications to teach his followers? Armed with a paperback edition of Fulton J. Sheen's *Life of Christ*, which compares and calibrates the Gospel stories, Lloyd Webber and Rice burrowed and borrowed

and a persecution complex, then Judas—those 30 pieces of silver aside—was merely doing what he thought was right. The latter is the view, anyway, suggested by *Jesus Christ Superstar*. From the beginning, Judas worries about Jesus the way a friend and key adjutant would advise an adored rock singer who has gone spoiled, or the leader of a political movement who suddenly begins to take his press notices seriously:

*Jesus! You've started to believe  
The things they say of you  
You really do believe  
This talk of God is true  
And all the good you've done  
Will soon be swept away  
You've begun to matter more  
Than the things you say...  
They think they've found the new  
Messiah  
And they'll hurt you when they find  
they're wrong*



BACKSTAGE: JUDAS (VEREEN), JESUS (FENHOLT), MARY MAGDALENE (ELLIMAN)

Like 20-game winners from the Yankee farm system.

from Matthew, Mark, Luke and John to create a libretto. The first three Gospels, says Rice, seem more dependable, since John "was much hotter on visions and supernatural things." They concentrated on Christ's reputation as a humanitarian thinker, the charismatic leader of a dissident movement and a victim who might variously suggest latter-day martyrs like Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. "A big point of *Superstar*," Rice explains, "is to show the way people react to him."

No one in *Superstar* reacts to Jesus quite like Judas. Indeed, to the extent that the show has any personal continuity, it is carried by the relationship between them. Lloyd Webber and Rice admit to a feeling that history and the Scriptures have been unkind to Judas. If Christ was really divine, after all, then Judas was merely the instrument of his will. And if Christ was merely a great teacher and prophet who in mid-career fell prey to delusions of grandeur

And at one point, enraged Judas even threatens to thwart Jesus' outrageous ambitions by not betraying him at all.

Somewhat more consistent with the Gospels is the view of Caiaphas and other Jewish high priests, who regard Jesus partly as a heretic but mainly as a rabble-rouser who threatens to bring down the full weight of Rome upon occupied Palestine. Jewish groups who protest that *Superstar* is anti-Jewish because it makes the high priests meaner and more bloody-minded than they are in the Gospels may have a point. But they have missed the contemporary echoes that *Superstar* trades on with audiences likely to know little of the Bible and less of history. The high priests are not so much Jews as caricatures of all officials whose job and ambition is to suppress disorder. John Mitchell and Mayor Daley, for instance, might almost as well protest as the American Jewish Committee.

Yet *Jesus Christ Superstar* is free of

TOP: During the Last Supper, Apostles link hands in a show of solidarity, Jesus sings, "The end is just a little harder when brought about by friends."

BOTTOM: The Crucifixion takes place on a golden triangle backed by a stylized image that possibly suggests the eye of God.





FACES & FASHIONS IN THE CROWD THAT ATTENDED "SUPERSTAR"

the simplistic good guy-bad guy division of humanity that one might expect. Except for Mary Magdalene, everyone uses or abuses Jesus. Even the Apostles, who might well have come on as some sort of ideal commune brotherhood, are clearly presented not loving Jesus but wanting to ride with him on some sort of spiritual trip. They also display an ambitious yen to retire and "write the Gospels, so they'll still talk about us when we've died."

#### Bone Bridge

*Superstar's* vulgarity is less in the realm of religion than of theatrical taste. Serious Lloyd Webber and Rice fans, in fact, may well be advised to open a new chapter in the age of McLuhan by turning down a chance at the show "because I loved the record." On LP, *Jesus Christ Superstar* is abstract, intimate, capable of subtly engaging the mind and

the imagination. Director O'Horgan's frenetic Broadway incarnation is rarely any of those things. It is, instead, a frequently breathless and occasionally stupendous *son et lumière* show, crowded with mechanical contrivances, and a headlong rush of happenings that, as designer Robin Wagner puts it, "overlap like arrows in flight."

Sometimes O'Horgan, like Cecil B. DeMille, overwhelms through extravagance. The most dramatic example (see cover) is Jesus rising from the stage floor on a hidden elevator; a \$20,000 robe cascades in gleaming folds beneath him, after covering layers have been stripped off, suggesting the radiant emergence of a butterfly from a chrysalis. O'Horgan's aim is mainly to shock the sensibilities; often, alas, that is all he manages to do.

As the show opens, a fortress-like curtain wall leans dramatically backward

to form a sharply raked stage, bodies clinging to it as to the sides of a sinking ship. When Pontius Pilate appears, it is through a doorway modeled after the head of Caesar. As it telescopes open, bearing a throbbing resemblance to an Excedrin ad, it reveals six sets of eyes. The high priests descend on a bone bridge that looks as if it had been left over from one of Alley Oop's dinosaurs. During Christ's prayers to God in Gethsemane, a universe box is lowered over his head, variously suggesting the Almighty, a small computer, or the ark of the covenant as crafted by Mag-navox. Even the singers, carrying microphones on long power cords, seem plugged into some vast machine.

What with skeletons from above, electrical lines snaking about and two-ton floor slabs heaving up and down, the production is downright dangerous for the players. So far, only a few toes have

## The Fabulous Invalid's New Symptoms

**A** THEATER season is spoken of as an entity, but it nourishes some 100 unique possibilities, not excluding a happening like *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Here are some of the other 99 that will make up the 1971-72 record.

**MUSICALS:** The musical is peculiarly evocative of the U.S. spirit. With the popular yearning for a simpler past, the appetite for nostalgia came into being. It is represented this year by the revival of the 1944 show *On the Town*, with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Leonard Bernstein. No one can guess how anyone will react to the lyrics: "New York, New York, it's a wonderful town!"

David Merrick will weigh in with *Nobody's Perfect*, an adaptation of the Billy Wilder movie, *Some Like It Hot*, in which Jack Lemmon and Marilyn Monroe co-starred. Elaine Joyce will play the Monroe part and Bobby Morse will fill the Lemmon role. Jule Styne sup-

plies the music, Bob Merrill the lyrics, and Gower Champion will direct. The team that put together *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*, Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley, will be back with another marquee-macerating title, *It's a Funny Old World We Live In*, but the *World's Not Entirely to Blame*. Newley will play Everyman, as is his wont. *Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death* is a musical "of the street with street people" that takes an all-black look at the Promised Land called America.

From the original Promised Land this week comes the first Israeli musical, *To Live Another Summer—To Pass Another Winter*, a lighthearted treatment of the generation gap as well as the struggle with the Arabs. The forthcoming *F. Jasmine Addams* is Carson McCullers' *The Member of the Wedding* set to music, and Truman Capote's *The Grass Harp* will come twanging back on the scene with Barbara Cook as the star. Still another musical revival is *Candide*,

of 1956 vintage, with music by Leonard Bernstein and the totally ingenious hero courtesy of Voltaire.

**DRAMA:** This is not a time of powerful playwrights with bold convictions. Audiences must settle for privacy of vision and a distinctively personal voice. England's Harold Pinter has both. His famous pauses are elusive in meaning and menacing in their silence, which perhaps befits an age of uncertainty. In *Old Times*, he returns to his favorite human geometry, the triangle (in this case, two women and a man), and examines the tricks that life plays on memory and memory plays on itself. The trio will be acted by Robert Shaw, Mary Ure and Rosemary Harris. From the front rank of American playwrights, only Arthur Miller is currently scheduled for production, with a new work titled *The Creation of the World and Other Business*. Miller calls it a "catastrophic comedy." He also has a revival coming



JOHN ROBERTSON—CAMERA 8



OPENING &amp; A PARTY AFTERWARD AT THE TAVERN ON THE GREEN

been broken, but the cast has already asked for extra danger pay. Fortunately they are young (average age 21) and fleet of foot, as well as accustomed to the fast pace that O'Horgan likes and that they had to follow in putting the show together. O'Horgan took over at a moment of crisis in August, and eventually had to cast *Superstar's* 40 parts in a two-week marathon session. The smell of burning pot and ambition filled the theater, as some 500 candidates, more than a hundred each for the major roles, tried out. One unsuccessful competitor recalls that you couldn't tell the Judas candidates from the Jesus candidates, except that some guys "would periodically kiss someone and burst into gales of maniacal laughter." Many were from the *Superstar* concert companies, as well as from 14 companies of *Hair*, O'Horgan's biggest hit.

It was a little like the old New York

Yankees summoning up 20-game winners from the farm system. Various *Hair* troupes produced *Superstar's* Judas and Jesus. A *Superstar* concert tour and the LP provided Mary Magdalene and Pilate. "There's a special kind of singer needed for rock opera," O'Horgan explains. "It's much more gut, more street. We have vocal ranges in this show that no one could produce without a mike, not even Birgit Nilsson."

#### Pale Galilean

As personified by a slender tenor named Jeff Fenholt, 21, the Christ of *Superstar* bears a startling resemblance to those portraits of the pale Galilean that used to be hung in children's bedrooms all over the country—a vision that has helped turn so many of the hip young off contemporary religion. Hawaii-born Yvonne Elliman, 19, has just the right combination of sweet, gentle good looks

and crooning pop ballad style to suggest that Magdalene is really two Marys rolled into one. As Judas, Ben Vereen, 24, has one of the more physically demanding roles in the history of Broadway. Not only must he sing at great length—in a style that suggests Sammy Davis Jr. imitating Chuck Berry—but, in the torment of guilt, he hops and dances around like a man in the grip of epilepsy or leeches.

One reason that O'Horgan's staging is a marathon exercise is that Lloyd Webber's music never stops—a rarity for Broadway musicals. The musical score has been criticized for being something less, or more, than rock. It is, in fact, an elegant pastiche, swiftly paced and highly styled, that does not sound like show music but has something for everybody: a curtain-raising blues number to loosen up the audience, a winsome torch song sung to the sleeping Jesus

up when the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center does *The Crucible*, the parable of the Joe McCarthy era told in terms of the Salem witch hunts.

The Edwardian wit, critic, dandy, caricaturist, and paragon of prose stylists, Max Beerbohm, will take the stage in *The Incomparable Max*. Clive Revill will be Sir Max, and two of the characters from Beerbohm's stories will be portrayed by Richard Kiley. In the realm of polemical speculation, *Murderous Angels*, by Comor Cruise O'Brien, suggests that the U.N.'s Dag Hammarskjöld may have been a complicitous agent in the death of the Congo's Patrice Lumumba and that his own death may also have been planned. Jean-Pierre Aumont takes the role of Hammarskjöld, and Louis Gossett is cast as Lumumba.

Novelist Philip Roth (*Portnoy's Complaint*) will be represented by *Unlikely Heroes: 3 Philip Roth Stories*—stage adaptations by Larry Arrick of *Epstein, Defender of the Faith and Eli, the Fanatic*. Just short of a quarter-century after it was published, Truman Capote's very first novel, *Other Voices, Other*

*Rooms*, is being readied for its stage debut. The writer of the book for *Company*, George Furth, will make his re-entry on Broadway with *Twigs*, a play concerned with generational changes in the U.S. Four families are visited on Thanksgiving eve, and in the kitchens are women ranging from 40 to 80. They will all be played by Sada Thompson, who won last year's *Variety* poll of the New York drama critics as best off-Broadway actress.

For the rest, there will be plays in plenty from groups that stay together on sealing wax, Scotch tape, the heaven-sent foundation grant, steely determination and the glue of an abiding love for the theater. As just one example, Joseph Papp's Public Theater sends its Shakespeare Festival musical production of *2 Gentlemen of Verona* to Broadway, while keeping its four Greenwich Village stages humming with titles that entice the experimental palate: *Slaughterhouse Play*, *The Black Terror*, *Sticks and Bones* and Brecht's *In the Jungle of Cities*. When you realize that this blizzard of dramatic activity is going on in

a building that came within decimal points of being lopped off the New York City budget last year, it is easier to understand why the theater is the invalid known as fabulous.

**COMEDIES:** At the risk of violating the antitrust laws, Neil Simon has written his annual play, *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*. Mike Nichols directs, and Peter Falk plays a 47-year-old Manhattan executive forced to cope with unanticipated unemployment. Absent from Broadway since *Jimmy Shine* opened in 1969, Murray Schisgal returns with *The Box Step*, a play about "people who go through life getting nowhere." Added Schisgal topics: Women's (and men's) Lib. *Fun City* (irony intended) is about a couple whose wedding plans are frustrated by life in New York. It will be the debut of Comedienne Joan Rivers as playwright and actress. The French genius of high-and-low farce, Georges Feydeau, will be represented by *Chemin de Fer*, and Brian Bedford, of last season's *School for Wives*, will star in it.

## "The Cerebral Trip Is Over"

**T**HEATRICAL tricks are the trademark of Tom O'Horgan, the *Superstar* director. He turned *Fitz*, nominally a modest little play about bestiality, into a Dionysian celebration with actors writhing all over the stage in transports of pagan ecstasy. In *Hair* O'Horgan set a similar kind of group grope to a rock upbeat. In *Lenny*, a crowd of gigantic papier-mâché figures symbolizing his fantasies loom over the doomed comic Lenny Bruce. In *Jesus Christ Superstar*, O'Horgan has characters descend grandly from on high—now in a huge mysterious whalebone basket, now on a platform designed like a mammoth's skull. O'Horgan explains simply: "I like to fill the stage with lots of things to look at."

Subtler directors might be more concerned with quietly illuminating the inner meaning of a play or piece of music. O'Horgan is the great exteriorizer. "I conceive of theater that involves people more," he says. "The theater has just gone through the cerebral trip, and now the swing is back to the supernatural consciousness, where things have to be felt." Not everyone agrees, of course, that O'Horgan touches the feelings. To many, his plays are not so much moving as in perpetual motion—an amalgam of group therapy, Max Reinhardt and kindergarten recess.

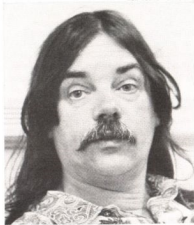
O'Horgan's father, Foster, yearned after a singing career, but instead went into the family printing business in Chicago. Tom was an only child, and his nativity, on May 3, 1926, "was like the Second Coming," the director laughingly recalls. As a small child, he accompanied his father on theater excursions to Chicago. On his first day at school, Tom insisted on inspecting the stage and declared it "lacking." With his father's help, he installed footlights and a wind machine. At twelve he wrote the music and libretto of his first opera—entitled *The Doom of the Earth*. Soon after, he was laid up for a year with incipient TB, and he used the time to "structure my life." In high school he ran his own drama and choral groups, and at De Paul University he wrote another opera for his master's thesis.

Then the itinerant years began. O'Horgan formed a vocal group and made his living by touring his show. In New York City in the '60s, he staged some experimental pieces off-off-Broadway that used speech and sound "as a contrapuntal device rather than a literal communication form." In one play at the Cafe La Mama, Ellen Stewart's seminal theater of experiment, he dressed a young man playing Adam entirely in Reynolds Wrap. God, looking like W.C. Fields, appeared onstage from the midst of the audience and tore off the foil.

O'Horgan retains his penchant for elaborate scenic metamorphosis because "one object transformed into many different things is interesting." In *Tom Paine* he utilized a large blue cross that became, by turns, the sea, Marie Antoinette's gown and eventually a termite queen. "In *Superstar*," O'Horgan points out enthusiastically, "the altar is also the table for the Last Supper and the rock upon which Christ prays. Then it becomes a cart in which the soldiers push Jesus. That pushing around the stage creates energy."

O'Horgan has a special interest in light, which he calls "a sculptural part of

KEN REGAN—CANEXA



DIRECTOR TOM O'HORGAN

theater. My hope for *Superstar* is that it becomes a non-ending array of images that touch people in something besides a cerebral way." O'Horgan works on his actors unceremoniously too. Through sensitivity exercises, he says, he "tried to get the cast to think about what the Crucifixion really was. I'd use Jesus as one pole and Judas as another, then have the cast close their eyes and touch the two of them." He also had Jesus lie on the stage floor with honey on his chest while the blindfolded cast licked it off.

Standing 5 ft. 8 in., his brown hair in a long pony tail, O'Horgan is unflappable and polite at rehearsals. His great concern is keeping the energy level high on both sides of the footlights. Back in his loft in lower Manhattan, Bachelor O'Horgan has a collection of 300 musical instruments, including a 350-year-old Japanese gong. "I can't begin to tell you," he says, "what going home and flailing away at that gong does for me." *Superstar* had hardly opened before O'Horgan began work on a new musical called *Inner City*. With only nine in the cast, it will be a modest effort, which in itself will make it something of a novelty in the O'Horgan canon.

by an awed Mary Magdalene, and a campy Charleston-like piece that allows King Herod, outrageously turned out as a transvestite, to make fun of Jesus: "Prove to me that you're no fool, walk across my swimming pool."

The music does not outdo the Rolling Stones, the Beatles, Ray Charles, Prokofiev, Orff, Richard Strauss or any other of the influences to be found in it. But it does fuse those elements into a new kind of thespian amalgam that has high dramatic point, melodic joy, and rarity of rarities, wit. Tim Rice's lyrics occasionally turn mundane in the otherwise commendable effort to speak in contemporary terms, but his psychologically aware variations on the Gospels are often adroitly arresting. Already beginning to doubt the steadfastness of his friends, Christ tells the Disciples at the Last Supper:

*The end*

*Is just a little harder when brought about by friends*

*For all you care this wine could be my blood.*

*For all you care this bread could be my body.*

With only two published works to their credit (the other is a children's musical play about Joseph in Egypt), the young team of Lloyd Webber and Rice have pushed forward the frontier possibilities of rock opera and made, just for starters, what Rice calls "a million quid" apiece (\$2.4 million). They are becomingly modest about their talents, grateful for their extraordinary luck and sensibly reserved about future plans.

### False Prophets

Lloyd Webber, dark, slender and intense, likes to point out defensively that this is his first opera—a defense that only someone who knows Verdi's first opus can fully appreciate. Rice, tall and blond, finds inspiration in the rhyming dictionary, talks like a character out of a book by his favorite novelist, P.G. Wodehouse, and looks like somebody's kid brother home for the long holidays. If fame and fortune have not yet disturbed them, it may be because so much of it has come in the U.S. "The LP record is an absolute dud in England," Rice explains. "Only three weeks ago a friend of my mother's said, 'Wouldn't it be wonderful if Tim could make a living out of that song.'"

An incredible skein of dramatic rights, record rights, concert rights, managers' cuts, royalties, subsidiaries and merchandisers' rights (buttons, T-shirts) holds *Superstar* together. But infringement suits and restraining orders, just to keep people from pirating words and music, have cost MCA and Producer-Manager Stigwood \$125,000 in lawyers' fees already this year. Their record to date: 15 court actions, dozens of unauthorized shows closed down. With the success of the original LP, Stigwood moved toward developing a stage version and launching touring concerts less than a year ago, only to find that he had been beaten to

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the punch. By whom? By churches, in cities and towns large and small from New Jersey to New Mexico, who were using *Superstar* to stir up their congregations.

Such infringements were mostly overlooked, especially at first. But as real pirate shows proliferated, MCA and Stigwood swung into action. Even an order of nuns in Sydney, Australia, were smitten like false prophets for planning their own staged production. "Like all Christians, these nuns believe Jesus Christ is theirs," explained Sydney Impresario Harry M. Miller, sternly adding, "What they are forgetting is that there is such a thing as copyright."

"Hi Kids, It's Me, Jesus."

Beyond, or below, the reach of Stigwood and MCA, the cash and carrying on over Jesus as an exploitable product continues briskly. Declaring that romantic films are through for now, Italian Director Franco Zeffirelli (*Romeo and Juliet*) has just announced that he is planning what he calls a "factual" film, to be called *The Assassination of Christ*. "This decade should be one of spiritual awakening," continues Zeffirelli, "not even a movie director should ignore it." Among those not ignoring it are the Pop and head shops offering Jesus Christ jockey shorts. And for the ladies: Jesus Christ bikinis. A radio ad for the new Jesus Watch runs as follows: "Hi kids, it's me, Jesus. Look what I'm wearing on my wrist. It's a wristwatch with a five-color picture of me on the dial and hands attached to a crimson heart."

Honest men may differ as to just how dreadful, hopeful or insignificant the commercial Jesus fad is, including *Jesus Christ Superstar* as its centerpiece. Balanced against the enduring metaphor, the bitter and sweet mystery that the life of Christ embodies, Lloyd Webber and Rice's rock opera seems sad enough. It is depressing to imagine what certainly is the case, that too many Americans, whether religious or not, will know no more of the Gospels and the Passion than *Superstar* presents. Yet with all its sins of omission and commission, the production very well dramatizes one transcendental meaning of the Passion, the Christian belief that all the men around Jesus contributed to his suffering, and that their fears and worldliness variously helped crucify him.

Equally notable is the corollary fact that anyone who sees *Superstar*, as opposed to the average Broadway musical, is forced to think about whether Christ was the Son of God or a man—a concern, however brief, that must be more elevating than wondering whether Lauren Bacall will lose her boy friend. There is also the consolation, not inconsiderable these days, that things might easily have been worse. For a while Tom O'Horgan was toying with the idea of a "vinyl-clad, hip Christ crucified on the handle bars of a Harley-Davidson."

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### RELEVANT BOOKS

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## MODERN LIVING

### Beyond the Afro

From the time that it first appeared on the scene five years ago, the "natural" or Afro hair style closely paralleled the growth of black pride. Becoming a political statement and a symbol of racial identity as much as a popular hair style, it gradually billowed from close-cropped cuts into dramatic, spherical clouds that framed the heads of both women and men. Now that blacks feel more secure about their identity and are achieving some of their political goals, the popularity of the Afro has begun to wane. Though the style is still much in evidence, it is already passé with many black fashion leaders. Says Walter Fountaine, a New York City hairdresser: "Afros are as out of date as plantation bandannas."

While that view is overstated, many black men who adopted Afros have begun returning to shorter cuts. It is the women, though, who are abandoning the Afro in rapidly increasing numbers and turning to a variety of new hair styles—and a couple of old stand-bys. Among the most popular of the newcomers:

**THE PUFF**, created by parting the hair in the middle, combing it flat on top and fluffing it into two large Afro snowballs on the sides.

**THE AFRO-SHAG**, a short Afro with straightened hair descending along the neck and into sideburns.

**THE AFRO-BRAID**, a short Afro combined with a layer of small braids in the front.

**THE CORNBROW**, fashioned by parting and braiding sectors of hair to form geometric patterns on the head.

**THE BIRD**, medium-length hair that is straightened and then set in large, soft curls.

In addition, both straightened hair and the Buckwheat (small braids tied with ribbons) are regaining some of their old popularity.

The decline of the Afro will be greeted with relief by many blacks who know only too well that the look was anything but "natural." To maintain the Afro's cotton-candy structure themselves, they had to spend long hours in front of their mirrors using special combs and applying conditioners and sprays. For the women having it styled in a beauty parlor, the Afro was more costly than other styles. The continuous combing required to keep an Afro fluffy also caused hair to become more brittle and to break along the hairline and on the crown. Finally, the massive look of the Afro was not flattering to all faces and head shapes. "Afros are beautiful," says Dolores Martin, a Playboy Bunny, "but they're like hot pants. Some people can wear them, but others can't." Ruth Ginyard, a Los Angeles boutique owner, agrees. "I have large eyes," she says, "and the Afro gave me a crazy look."

Whatever its drawbacks and inconveniences, however, the Afro has served the black woman well, reinforcing her ego, emphasizing her new "black is beautiful" philosophy and preparing the way for the bold hair styles that she is now adopting. That new outlook is succinctly—and bluntly—expressed by Barbara Walden, whose line of cosmetics for blacks is marketed across the nation: "Before the Afro the black woman was always embarrassed about her kinked-up hair. Wearing the Afro has helped to achieve a freer feeling about herself."

### The Furniture of Chemistry

At its best, the bright new plastic furniture now invading U.S. stores can transform an ordinary room into something straight out of 2001; at its worst, it changes the same space into something uncomfortably like Motel Modern. Either way, plastic furniture—no longer disguised as wood but blatantly and unashamedly plastic-looking—is now showing up in homes all over the United States.

The reason for plastic's new-found popularity, even in once off-limits living and dining rooms, is summed up by Los Angeles Housewife Audrey Kaufman: "It's light and it's fun, the colors are marvelous, and all you have to do to clean it is wipe it off." The new furniture comes in a dazzling variety of colors and shapes. There are orange, red, green and yellow bookcases, Parsons tables and nesting tables. There are stools that can be converted in an instant into planters or round tables. There are chairs resembling eggshells, wombs and opened eyeglass cases. Some can be stretched into bench-couches; others resemble human molars but are considerably more comfortable.

Plastic furniture has been accepted



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The stuff of which football helmets are made.

for years in Western Europe. Scandinavians and Italians were among the pioneers in molding a wide variety of chemical glop into dazzlingly new and comfortable forms. The European furniture failed to sell well in the U.S., however, largely because its prices were too high for the average American buyer. When domestic plastic furniture began coming out the American market about five years ago, the pieces were mostly one-of-a-kind and also expensive. Now, mass production is solving the cost problem. It has resulted in plastic Parsons tables that sell for only one-third the price of the traditional wooden variety. It has also enabled New York City Designer Neal Small, whose cocktail tables of clear or smoked Plexiglas retailed for \$600 each, to produce a slightly smaller table of the same material that sells for only \$75. Several major furniture stores report that, largely because of the lower prices, plastics sales have doubled over the past year.

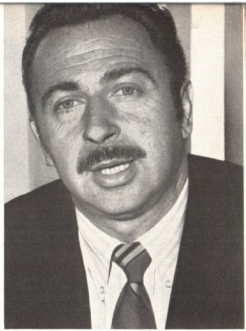
**Saving Trees.** Thus far, the new furniture is selling best to young, intellectually oriented and often ecology-minded buyers, many of whom also buy the philosophy of Max Lawrence, a Los Angeles furniture-company executive. "If man is committed to preserving his natural environment," says Lawrence, "furniture through chemistry is one of the ways he can avoid further decimation of forests. Beyond that, the furniture of chemistry, by offering fluid, poetic forms, can help to humanize the indoor environment of the future. We have passed the aesthetic of square hard-edged furniture."

The raw material for plastic furniture consists of a wide variety of chemical compounds. One of the newest entries—used for many of the bright, nearly in-

destructible, solid-color pieces—is ABS (acrylonitrile-butadiene-styrene), from which football helmets are also made. Polyurethane, which can be used in varying consistencies as either soft filler or rigid outer shell, is increasingly used for chairs and couches. Other widely used materials are clear acrylics, like Plexiglas and Lucite.

None of the plastics is without its disadvantages: most are easily scratched—although some chemical firms are soon to market a nonscratchable film designed to protect plastic surfaces. The acrylics often build up a large charge of static electricity, which in households with pets can produce strangely hairy furniture. The static electricity also attracts dust to the plastic surfaces, adding to the housewife's cleaning problem. Some of the chemical compounds have another problem: in Chicago, a furniture buyer brought home a clear plastic coffee table, which he set down next to a fireplace. "Next," recalls his boss, "he lit a roaring fire and the damn thing melted."

**Honest Pieces.** The impact of plastic on furniture manufacturers has already been considerable. Says A. Stuart Wood, an editor at *Modern Plastics*: "The use of plastic as plastic is changing the furniture business like the textile business was changed 30 years ago by the introduction of synthetic fabrics." As far as Chicago Department Store Executive Marcia Coontz is concerned, that change is all for the best. "I like everything to be honest," she says. "I don't like the plastic that's designed as wood. This new furniture is very honestly plastic—and that's why I like it. And that's funny, because just a few years ago everyone thought plastic was, well, ycccccccch."



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## SPORT

### The Endless Season

*Wilt Chamberlain hook sliding into second base. Brooks Robinson passing the puck to Howard Cosell in the hole. Fran Tarkenton striking out the side in the World Series. Bobby Orr slashing over right tackle to win the Davis Cup for the Pittsburgh Orioles.*

So it might have seemed to a sports fan who tried to keep up with the dizzying athletic kaleidoscope on the TV screen last week. Split vision, in fact, is almost a requirement these days for following all the bouncing balls of big-time sports. With leagues merging and teams multiplying like so many amoebae, games that once were seasonal are now practically year-round affairs. Pro basketball teams alone, whose number has grown from ten to 27 in the past five years, will play nearly 1,300 games in a seemingly endless season that stretches from September well into May. After football completes its rounds of playoffs, bowl and all-star games in late January, hockey will keep skating right through the opening month of the baseball season. As last week's sport spectaculars proved, the games not only overlap; they tend to upstage one another.

Arizona Congressman Morris K. Udall, for one, feels that "people are becoming satiated with sports." Last March he introduced a bill to restrict the TV coverage of professional sports to specified seasons before "the public turns away from the sporting world in a wave of apathy and disgust." Udall's bill has about as much chance of passage as the California Golden Seals have of winning this year's Stanley Cup. Nonetheless, as the World Series spills over into the football, basketball and hockey seasons, team owners, players and fans alike might ponder the possibility of sports overkill.

### Bucs and Birds Battle It Out

"You haven't seen the real Pirates yet," said Pittsburgh Manager Danny Murtaugh after the Baltimore Orioles won the first two games of the World Series. So it seemed last week when the action shifted to Pittsburgh. Hitting, hustling and hurling like a team possessed, the Pirates swept three straight games from the heavily favored World Champion Orioles. Nevertheless, when the Series switched back to Baltimore, the Pirates had to battle more than the singing fastballs of Oriole Pitcher Jim Palmer. No team in Series history has ever lost the first two games and then come back to win the next four. The Orioles

were able to keep the record intact, setting up baseball's most classic confrontation, the seventh game of a World Series.

Even so, the big bad Birds of Baltimore, heralded by most everyone save the Pirates as the best team in baseball, proved fallible. In Pittsburgh, they were held to a miserly nine hits and four runs through three games. Afield, Baltimore's play was even more disastrous—a wild pitch here, a passed ball there and bobbled grounders everywhere. In all, the Orioles committed five errors, two of them by Mr. Golden Glove himself, Third Baseman Brooks Robinson.

**Elder Superstar.** There were early signs that game No. 3 would be something different. Pirate Righthander Steve

mentel to second. Then, with a 1-1 count on First Baseman Bob Robertson, Roberto tried to call a time-out to get the sign straight. Too late. Robertson drove the next pitch into the right centerfield mezzanine for a three-run homer. As Robertson crossed the plate, Stargell exclaimed: "Attaway to bunt!" Bunt? Robertson had missed the bunt sign. Final score: Pirates 5, Orioles 1.

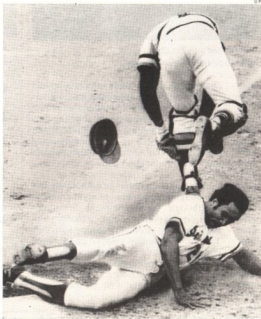
Game No. 4 was the first night game in World Series history. After erupting for three quick runs in the first inning, the Orioles seemed afflicted by some sort of night blindness when the Pirates brought in Relief Pitcher Bruce Kison, 21, a sidearming rookie brought up from the minors in July. Lean and whippy as a fungo bat, the 6-ft. 4-in. Kison allowed only one hit and shut out the Oriole musclemen for the next six innings. The Pirates, led by Star-

gell, Centerfielder Al Oliver and the irrepressible Clemente, pushed across two runs of their own in the first inning and another in the third to tie things up. Then, with a runner on third and two outs in the seventh inning, Murtaugh sent in another 21-year-old rookie, Pinch Hitter Milt May, who lined a sharp single to give Kison and the Pirates a 4-3 victory.

**Magic, if Not Momentum.** Next day it was the Orioles who figured to do the overpowering. They started Dave McNally, the lefty who had throttled Pittsburgh in game No. 1. If not momentum, the Pirates had something magical going for them. Sparked by another Robertson home run, the Pirates sent McNally to the showers in the fifth inning. Pittsburgh Starter Nelson Briles stayed on to shut out the Orioles 4-0 with a nearly flawless two-hitter.

So it was back to Baltimore and game No. 6. At first, the Pirates still seemed in command. With the incomparable Clemente leading the way (a triple, an opposite-field home run in his first two at-bats), the Bucs jumped off to an early 2-0 lead. Pirate Starter Bob Moose effectively clipped the Oriole wings through five innings, extending the Birds' runless skein to 22 innings. Then Baltimore Leftfielder Don Buford drilled a home run in the sixth. The Orioles tied the game on two singles in the seventh, and it stayed tied until the tenth. With one out, Frank Robinson walked, raced from first to third on Merv Rettenmund's single to center, and scored the winning run with a brilliant slide on a shallow fly ball hit to centerfield.

The stage was set for game No. 7 in Baltimore, where the Orioles, having blocked the Pirates from one record, faced a historic hurdle of their own: no World Series team had ever before won all four of the games played in its own ballpark.



FRANK ROBINSON WINNING GAME NO. 6  
*Brilliant slide on a shallow fly.*

Blass, relying on a humming fastball and a sneaky slider, held the Orioles to one run and two hits through the first seven innings. The Pirates had two runs of their own when the last half of the seventh inning began with Roberto Clemente at bat, the 37-year-old rightfielder playing his 17th season with the Pirates. He bounced to Oriole Pitcher Mike Cuellar for what looked like a routine out. At least Cuellar thought so, until he caught sight of Roberto streaking for first like some revved-up rookie. Hurrying, Cuellar threw wildly and Clemente was safe.

That bit of hustle by one of the game's elder superstars seemed to turn the Series around for the Pirates—especially in light of what happened next. Cuellar walked Leftfielder Willie Stargell on four straight pitches, moving Cle-



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There are different rules governing moves within a state. And these are often hard to learn. Because many states don't print them for general distribution to the public. Your local Lyon Moving and Storage agent will be happy to provide you with the rules that apply within your state.

There are Lyon agents in all 50 states. Simply look in the phone book and call a Lyon agent. Ask for a copy of the various regulations governing your move whether within or out of state. There's no obligation.

You're probably wondering why Lyon, a moving company, would want you to know about these new regulations. For a very simple reason. Lyon feels the more you know about the new rules that protect you, the more you'll want to let Lyon guard your goods.

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## Return of Muckraking

A contemporary form of journalism that owes a good deal to the muckrakers of the early 1900s seems to be making a comeback. It is called simply "investigative reporting," and it is more often sober than flamboyant. Its results come from months of patient digging into musty public records and dogged cross-checking rather than from dramatic secret informants. Three years ago, only one or two of the 36 newspapers represented at Columbia University's American Press Institute had investigative reporters. Last year, three-quarters of the same papers boasted at

STAR WOLFSON-NEWSDAY



"NEWSDAY'S" ROBERT GREENE

*They thought they should give him a fair price.*

least one. "It's one of the hopes for this business," says Arthur Perfall, associate editor of the Long Island tabloid *Newsday* (circ. 427,000), a leader in the trend. *Newsday* has not one investigative reporter but a permanent team of four, sometimes raised to eleven for special projects. It is headed by Robert Greene, a 300-lb., 42-year-old veteran newspaperman who worked with Bobby Kennedy as a staff investigator for the Senate Rackets Committee in 1957.

**Piquant Item.** The *Newsday* team—sometimes called "Greene's Berets"—has up to now confined itself to local targets on Long Island, but last week it considerably enlarged its scope by taking on, though in a polite and periphrastic way, the most distinguished target in the country: the President of the U.S. The team's disclosures about an unusually profitable sale of some Nixon-held stocks is but a small part of an encyclopedic—indeed, numbing—70,000-word, six-part report that deals exhaustively with the Florida real estate business. The principal characters in the series: Florida's former Dem-

ocratic Senator George Smathers and his old Miami high school buddy, Charles G. ("Bebe") Rebozo, who is also Richard Nixon's best friend. Neither Rebozo nor Smathers is exactly virgin territory for prying reporters, but *Newsday* nonetheless managed to turn up some hitherto unknown details about them as well as a piquant item about the President. Examples:

► It had been previously reported that, when he became President, Richard Nixon sold his 185,891 shares in Fisher's Island Inc., a Florida land firm dominated by Rebozo, for \$2 per share—twice what he had paid for it. What was not previously known, said *News-*



NIXON & BEBE REBOZO

day, was that "other stockholders still were buying the shares at \$1 each." It added that Nixon is the only "stockholder who is known to have realized a sizable profit," and quoted one of the other owners as saying, "He was President, and we thought we ought to give him a fair price."

► Because of the nuisance of having Secret Service men and security precautions to deal with constantly, Mr. and Mrs. Perry O'Neal in February of 1969 sold their Key Biscayne home in the five-house compound where Nixon established his Florida White House. In fact, it was the Secret Service that arranged the sale for \$150,000 to a buyer who turned out to be Robert Abplanalp, a Bronxville, N.Y., millionaire and a friend of Nixon and Rebozo. Two days after the sale, said *Newsday*, the house was leased to the Government for use by the Secret Service at an annual rent of \$18,000. With options, the lease runs for almost eight years realizing "a possible total of \$142,500" for Abplanalp. Mrs. O'Neal told *Newsday* that the Government had never offered her and

her husband any lease arrangement.  
 ▶ With the assistance of then Senator Smathers, Rebozo, already wealthy, secured a loan from the Small Business Administration (founded to help struggling entrepreneurs), which had previously turned down his application. Later, in 1967, the SBA chose Rebozo to develop a Government-backed shopping center set up in Miami to help Cuban refugees go into business for themselves. Rebozo and a partner made \$200,000.

▶ While a member of the U.S. Senate Finance Committee, Smathers tried to persuade the Treasury Department to abandon a tax-reform proposal that would hurt stockholders of Florida's Winn-Dixie Stores, Inc. As it happened, Smathers secretly owned two Winn-Dixie stores, which he had obtained "for little or no cash." Subsequently, the Nixon Administration delayed putting the tax-reform measure into effect until 1969. The result: Winn-Dixie was the last major corporation to win the tax break before the deadline.

**No Libel.** The choice of subject matter for its recent series indicates that *Newsday's* investigative team may henceforth range much more widely. Its first effort, in 1967, was an exposé of town government in Islip, N.Y.; and the reporters were soon delving into all sorts of scandal and shoddy practices that afflicted fast-growing Long Island. During its first 4½ years, the team accumulated an enviable record: it won 17 awards, including a 1970 Pulitzer Prize. Its disclosures led directly to the indictment of 21 persons, the conviction of seven and the resignation of 30 public officials. Its articles have influenced the enactment of at least 20 state and local laws. Most impressive of all, perhaps, is the fact that *Newsday* has managed to accomplish all this without incurring a single libel suit.

For the Rebozo-Smathers series, Greene and his team worked for six months, of which 2½ were spent in Florida. They conducted 400 interviews and examined 20,000 documents. "It was not glamorous work," says Greene. "Most of it was dismal slogging—sitting down, hand-copying every land transaction and analyzing it." Rebozo and Smathers declined to be interviewed, and the White House refused to answer questions. The team even had trouble getting access to public records; the Florida State Division of Banking, said Greene, agreed to provide them with bank records until it learned that the bank involved was Rebozo's. They were never able to find out how much Government money was spent on Nixon's Key Biscayne houses. Nonetheless, they produced a thorough report on the freewheeling world of Florida real estate that is not sensational but reveals 1,001 questionable little doings. "We're not looking for criminals," says Perfall, adding dryly, "we are trying to produce a detailed, factual account to tell people how their Government really works."

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## ENVIRONMENT



OIL DRUMS & OTHER MILITARY DEBRIS ON AMCHITKA ISLAND  
*The problem is that no one seems to be responsible.*

### The Military as Litterbug

Armies are machines designed by and large for human destruction, but they are also generators of huge piles of junk. Even in peacetime, military decisions to scrap costly and complicated systems constantly add more litter to the pile. As a result of 30 years of hot and cold wars, the U.S. Department of Defense has become cumulatively—and with a sense of considerable embarrassment—far and away the nation's biggest litterbug.

**Oil-Drum Culture.** The hardest hit of all the states has been one of the most remote. Alaska's Aleutian Island chain is littered with an enormous potpourri of debris. More than 2,000 World War II-vintage Quonset huts still poke like ugly blisters above the desolate landscape of Amchitka, the site of this month's scheduled underground nuclear blast. Bomber tails and ruptured fuselages litter the island. An estimated one million fuel drums are scattered on Alaska's north coast. At least 100,000 drums, left by builders of DEW-line radar sites in the 1950s, disfigure the shores of the Beaufort Sea, within the boundaries of the nation's largest wildlife refuge. Some have been only partially emptied by the departing military and are leaking oil, which is toxic to wildlife. Barrel pollution is also responsible for a strange phenomenon: what is known as an "oil-drum culture" among Eskimos living on Point Barrow. Discarded oil barrels are used for garbage containers and toilets; once filled, the malodorous barrels are dumped onto the ice to be carried out to sea when the ice melts. But all too often they drift back to shore.

**Ghosts and Rats.** The military's detritus is not confined to the frozen north. Camp Kilmer, near Edison, N.J., is a decaying ghost town of fire-gutted bar-

racks and shattered glass. Unfenced, it is a tempting playground for exploring children. While squirrels and kangaroo rats nest in the bomb craters that pock 10,000 acres of California's Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, the area is off limits to human visitors because it contains unexploded bombs and rockets left there 30 years ago, when the Navy used the park as a test-firing range. Although much of the ordnance is buried deep beneath the desert sands, a civilian tent sent to salvage scrap five years ago disappeared suddenly in a cloud of smoke.

Angel Island, a wildlife preserve in the middle of San Francisco Bay, could be a priceless military museum as well. Instead, it is a monumental eyesore. An abandoned Nike site sits in a tangle of weeds. The remnants of a Japanese internment camp, a crumbling Civil War hospital and dilapidated WAC barracks are near by. Shortly before the island was turned over to the California department of parks and recreation in 1963, says a parks official, hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of pointless damage was done by the military itself. Fine old marble fireplaces in the turn-of-the-century Army officers' quarters were smashed by soldiers, and windows were shot out for sport. Bill Allison, Angel Island's manager, shakes his head at the "sheer vandalism of it all" and estimates that it might cost as much as \$500,000 just to clear up the litter.

**Rusting Junk.** The problem is that no one seems to be responsible for what the military leaves behind. The Defense Department stoutly insists that it is not a litterbug, that it makes every attempt to sell its discarded hardware and find new uses for abandoned bases. It is true that when the military packs up it transfers jurisdiction for bases and matériel to the General Services Admin-

istration. But it may be years before the GSA can find a buyer for these properties; by then they may be reduced to mounds of rusting junk and broken buildings. Even the Environmental Protection Agency, the organization responsible for policing the nation's environment, backs away from the litter problem. Explains a top EPA aide: "We have the legal responsibility for air and water pollution. Littering just hasn't been a high priority for us."

Fortunately, the GSA can sometimes find intelligent and even ingenious ways to use the bases and equipment it has received from the military. Abandoned Nike missile sites around Pittsburgh now house a medical research center and a police and fire academy. A shut-down naval air station in Sanford, Fla., is now a shopping center. Ghetto children vacation in a deserted military camp in the Sierras, and other phased-out bases have been "recycled" into factories producing everything from house trailers to lumber and frozen potatoes. In Alaska, the Navy has shown that it, too, has a social conscience—by helping to clear Point Barrow, where it has a research laboratory, of its horde of barrels. It plans to crush and bale the barrels, then sell them as scrap in Seattle. The Navy is also planning to build an incinerator to burn the gunk in the barrels, thus giving the Eskimos an alternate way to get rid of their garbage.

**Plentiful Resource.** Such efforts are certainly commendable, but the military does not seem to realize or take advantage of its most plentiful resource: an almost unlimited pool of manpower. As the old joke goes: "If it moves, salute it. If it doesn't move, pick it up. If you can't pick it up, paint it." A lot of military leftovers that now litter the American landscape could well be picked up—by the idle hands of

# Denver is putting drunk drivers on TV.

When a suspected drunk driver is arrested in Denver, he's taken to the station and asked to take a sobriety test.

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When his case comes up in court, the prosecutor will play the tape on a TV monitor for the judge and jury.

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Especially when the tape is used as evidence along with a verified BAC (Blood Alcohol Concentration), taken at the same time.

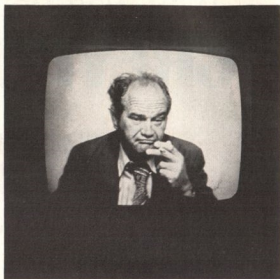
If this sounds like a harsh measure, remember that many of the drunk drivers who are convicted are problem drinkers who need help.

And the quicker they can be convicted, the quicker the courts can "sentence" them into a helpful program.

The use of video tape equipment by the police and courts is only part of the program being conducted in Denver. Through their total effort and through efforts made by other Alcohol Safety Action Programs across the country, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration expects to come up with recommendations for an effective nationwide program to stop drunk driving.

State Farm supports this effort because nearly thirty thousand drivers, passengers and pedestrians were killed last year in alcohol-related accidents.

The goal is to have 86 Alcohol Safety Action Programs throughout the country. To find out more about the programs and to find out what you can do to help them, write the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, Department of Transportation, Washington, D.C. 20590



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thousands of GIs or gobs. Most of them would probably much prefer that kind of work to chipping paint or making a routine "clean sweep-down, fore and aft."

### The Slick-Licker

The ways of treating oil spills are many and mysterious. Some involve nothing more than sopping up the mess with absorbent straw or raking in spills with floating booms; others involve complicated machines that vacuum oil-drenched sand. All have two things in common: they are painstakingly slow and they often leave as much oil behind as they pick up.

Thanks to a Canadian invention called the Oilevator, grimy beaches and greasy seagulls may soon be a thing of the past—provided the machine, nicknamed the "slick-licker," can get to the scene on time. The brainchild of Canadian Engineer Richard Sewell, the lick-licker passed its biggest test last year when a tanker

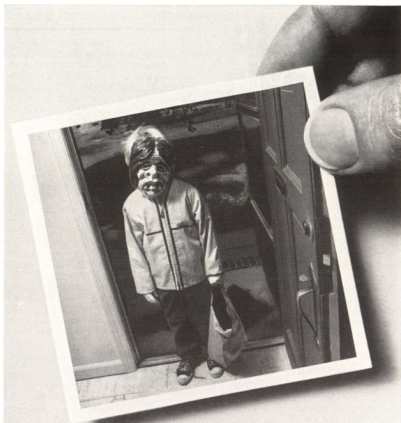


OILEVATOR IN ACTION ON CHEDABUCTO BAY  
*An end to grimy beaches?*

was grounded in Chedabucto Bay, Nova Scotia, and began gushing oil.

Ferried out to the spill on small landing craft, four lick-lickers extended their long, conveyor belt "tongues" to the oil. A whirl of machinery, and the absorbent material on the belt spun into the oil and sopped it up. Heavy rollers at the end of the conveyors then squeezed out the oil into 45-gallon drums. In ten weeks about 200,000 gallons of oil had been lapped up. The lick-licker is doubly effective because its conveyor belt is coated with oil prior to deployment. The result is that the tongue repels surrounding water and gobbles up only oil.

Oilevator is dirt cheap (about \$7,500 per machine), and it has worked so well that a government task force has recommended that at least one slick-licker be placed in each Canadian port.



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## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Karim Aga Khan, 34, Imam, or spiritual leader, of 20 million Ismaili Moslems; and the Begum, Princess Salima, 31, onetime London fashion model and former wife of Lord James Crichton-Stuart; their second child, a son and heir to the title; in Pregny, Switzerland. Name: Rahim.

**Died.** Tamanoumi, 27, one of two reigning grand champions in the ancient and immensely popular Japanese sport of sumo (wrestling); of a heart attack following an appendectomy; in Tokyo. At 5 ft. 9 in. and 297 lbs., Tamanoumi (a self-given *nom de guerre* meaning "Sea of Gems") was often dwarfed by the behemoths who dominate sumo. He suffered frequent injuries as he climbed to the top, but always recovered; "I am like a phoenix," he often said. His dazzlingly cunning techniques in the ring wowed sumo aficionados time and again. When out of combat, he was a swinging celebrity who violated the tradition of his craft by wearing mod Western clothes.

**Died.** Samuel Spewack, 72, co-author with his wife Bella of dozens of stage and screen comedies since the 1920s; in Manhattan. The two met as young newspaper reporters in New York. "Sam really fell in love with my writing," Bella later quipped. Masters of the formula farce, the Spewacks conquered Broadway with such hits as *Boy Meets Girl* (1935) and *My Three Angels* (1953). They also wrote the text for Cole Porter's classic musical, *Kiss Me, Kate*.

**Died.** Lieut. General Lewis B. Puller, 73, the legendary Leatherneck who became the most decorated Marine in the corps' history; of pneumonia; in Hampton, Va. Weaned on the rousing reminiscences of Confederate veterans, Virginia-born "Chesty"—so called because he always walked like a pouter pigeon—was often described as a born combat leader. According to legend, he went into battle with a copy of Caesar's *Gallie Wars* tucked in his duffel bag. Volunteering as a private in World War I, Puller was commissioned at 20; he first saw action battling bandits in Haiti and Nicaragua in the 1920s and '30s, when he earned the first two of his five Navy Crosses. In World War II he saved Guadalcanal's Henderson Field as commander of the famed 1st Battalion of the Seventh Marines, became a brigadier after spearheading the Inchon landing during the Korean conflict. Even after his retirement in 1955, Puller lived up to his reputation as the maximum Marine by repeatedly chiding the Army for its softness. In 1965, he sought reinstatement to active service so that he could fight in Viet Nam; the Pentagon said no.

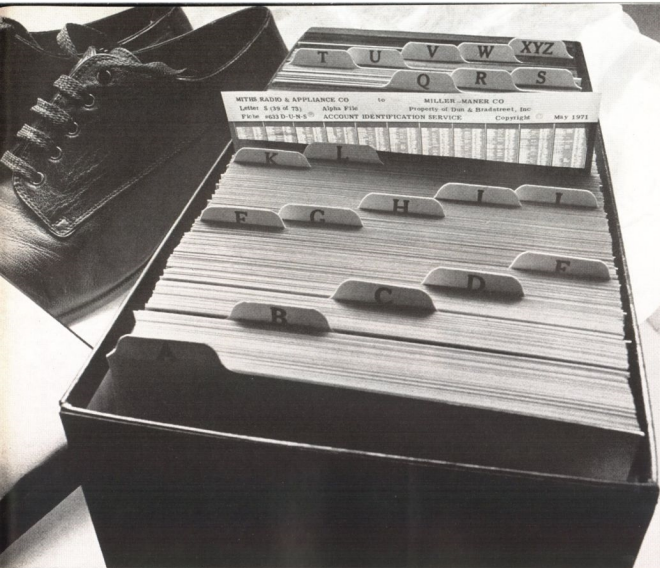
**Died.** Dean Acheson, 78, Secretary of State from 1949 to 1953 (see THE NATION).

**Died.** Reggie McNamara, 83, who broke many of his bones as well as several world records to become the grand old iron man of bicycle racing; in Belleville, N.J. One of 14 children born to an Irish immigrant couple in the Australian Outback, young Reggie hunted kangaroos and sold their pelts so he could pay the entry fees for local bike events. McNamara reached his peak in the 1920s as champion of the six-day marathon races held at Madison Square Garden, but continued to whoosh around the track until his retirement in the late 1930s. The battered bicyclist later fought alcoholism, then returned to the sport in the 1940s as a referee.

**Died.** Chester Conklin, 85, silent-screen zany known to a generation of filmgoers as the Keystone Kop with the walrus mustache; of emphysema; in Hollywood. He went to work for Mack Sennett in 1913 and was soon thriving on pratfalls and pies in the face. While at the top, he earned \$3,500 a week appearing in scores of films, including *Tillie's Punctured Romance*, *The Pullman Bride* and *Modern Times*. "Moviemaking was great fun then," recalled Conklin. "A picture consisted of a lot of chases and a plot that was tacked on when we finished shooting." All but wiped out by the advent of talkies and the 1929 stock market crash, Conklin wound up in a Los Angeles department store playing yet another lovable hirsute character: Santa Claus.

**Died.** J. David Stern, 85, former publisher of the Philadelphia *Record*, the New York *Post* and the Camden, N.J., *Evening Courier and Morning Post*; in Palm Beach, Fla. A crusading New Dealer, Stern in 1934 became the first newspaper owner to recognize the infant American Newspaper Guild—a decision that he lived to regret. He called his early support of the union a "grave mistake" after a 1946-47 Guild strike against the *Record* and the Camden papers. Fed up with labor's unyielding demands, Stern sold his papers, bringing a bitter end to 36 years in publishing.

**Died.** Sergei Kononov, 97, patriarch of Soviet sculpture; in Moscow. Already an accomplished artist by the time of the Bolshevik Revolution, Kononov visited New York in 1924 and decided to settle in Greenwich Village. There this disciple of Russian realism continued to create figures in marble, stone, ceramics and wood that were unabashedly heroic. Before returning to the Soviet Union for good in 1945, Kononov, winner of both the Lenin and Stalin prizes, sculpted studies of many great men of both nations.



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## BUSINESS

# Pan American: Carrier in Crisis

*Running a huge corporation is not pure, unmitigated joy.*

—Najeeb Halaby

FOR "Jeeb" Halaby, now finishing his second year as chief executive of Pan American World Airways, the going has been anything but great. Losses are climbing steadily: \$26 million in 1969, \$48 million in 1970 and \$39.5 million in this year's first half alone. Pan Am's archcompetitor, TWA, has lately been overtaking "the world's most experienced airline" in monthly passenger miles on the North Atlantic run. Talks with TWA about a possible merger, which Halaby once saw as the best route out of rough weather, have come to a halt. Two weeks ago Secor Browne, chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, disclosed that he had sent a memo to White House Presidential Assistant Peter Flanagan, raising the possibility of a Government subsidy or a Lockheed-type guaranteed loan for the ailing carrier.

**Diplomatic Service.** Halaby's defenders point out that difficulties were developing long before he came aboard. The airline has never had any "feeder" routes within the continental U.S. to link up with its extensive international network. By contrast, TWA can move passengers in its own planes from Tulsa to Tel Aviv. Even such "domestic" carriers as American, Braniff and Eastern have international routes to the Caribbean, Canada or Latin America. Under Pan Am's founder, Juan Trippe, now honorary board chairman, the airline took on unprofitable routes in Latin America, Africa and Eastern Europe at least partly at the behest of the State Department. On its New York-to-Moscow run, for example, Pan Am has been losing money since service was initiated in 1968. Some of its prime routes have been invaded by tough competitors. American, Braniff, Continental, Western, Northwest, United and TWA have joined the battle for mainland-to-Hawaii traffic. American and Eastern are competing with Pan Am for the Caribbean, where last year the line had its worst operational loss: \$29 million.

In some of its suffering, Pan Am only reflects the ills of the rest of the industry. The introduction of jumbo jets last year increased the number of available seats at a time when the general economic downturn was sharply reducing the supply of available passengers. On the crowded North Atlantic run, where

Pan Am and 23 other scheduled airlines are fighting it out with the aggressive charter carriers, the company lost \$7,000,000 last year. Meeting the bargain-basement transatlantic fares recently announced by Germany's Lufthansa, Halaby estimates, could cost as much as \$30 million in losses next year. And Pan Am's payroll is rising by an average of 16% a year. As Halaby notes: "The airlines have had the highest wage inflation of any industry—43% in the last four years."

**Faded Aristocracy.** There are a few troubles that Halaby has been slow to tackle. After the first stirrings of the recession, TWA laid off 1,915 employees in 1970 and still lost \$64 million; the line is expected to break even for 1971. Halaby, on the other

The airline industry is abuzz with rumors of an imminent management shakeup at Pan Am, but not all insiders agree that Halaby will be among the victims. A former Federal Aviation Administration chief in the Kennedy-Johnson era, Jeeb Halaby is well respected by his peers. "He's a dynamic speaker," said one, "and there's a little of the old Camelot about him." But there are others who note that it may take more than style to rescue Pan Am.

The hardest decisions that Halaby faces involve cutting Pan Am's elephantine overhead costs. The line is paying interest rates as high as 11½% to finance its 747s. Pan Am has a poor 54% passenger break-even load factor v. 48% for TWA. Salvation through the merger route is improbable, as Halaby now concedes. What healthy domestic line would want to team up with a troubled giant? The chance of Government help is also a long shot, mostly because of congressional opposition. The CAB could award Pan Am some domestic feeder routes, but most domestic runs are already overcrowded.

**Geisha Girls.** Halaby is in a race against time. As the economy gains speed, air travel is certain to pick up. Last week Pan Am officials announced a 1.5% rise over 1970 in passenger revenue miles for the month of September. This year depreciation write-offs on Pan Am's 747s and an \$80 million sale-and-lease-back arrangement with the Port of New York Authority on a maintenance facility at New York's Kennedy Airport will probably hold losses down close to last year's level. Halaby has also pledged to improve marketing and service. "In the past we never sold," he admits. "We just waited for people to come in and buy tickets. We stressed safety and forget service. Well, we're going to improve that. For example, we're trying like hell to get our stewardses to be more like geisha girls and stop acting like they're doing you a favor to serve you."

Such efforts should pay off, but it may be years before the company climbs out of the red. That schedule may worry the consortium of 38 banks that has extended Pan Am \$300 million in a revolving credit arrangement. More crucial for Halaby's career, it may not satisfy the company's board of directors, many of whom remember the high-flying days of the 1960s. "I know there's time enough for Pan Am," says Halaby. "I hope there is enough for me."



HALABY IN HIS MANHATTAN OFFICE  
A time to push service and selling.

hand, started chopping staff in earnest only this year, but most of the 3,700 cuts so far have involved reservation clerks, cabin attendants and other low-paid or seasonal workers. An accretion of superfluous middle- and upper-level managers left over from the Trippe era—"the faded aristocracy," as Pan Am Vice President Frank Doyle calls them—has not been noticeably thinned out. In many of its 109 overseas outposts, the line maintains larger staffs than do competitors. In Honolulu, for example, Pan Am has 1,200 employees and United has 1,000 to handle an equal number of flights.



MICHAEL KILLEEN

RICHARD SEALY



VEROLME DOCKYARD IN COUNTY CORK

## IRELAND

### High Hope in the South

The same fine mist fills the air, the same emerald pastures upolster the countryside and the same frothy brown Guinness flows freely in both Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic. But economic conditions in the two parts of that partitioned land are as dissimilar as shamrocks and shillelaghs.

In the North, traditionally more developed than the Republic, civil warfare has caused millions of dollars worth of property damage, and impeded production at some 60 factories. The Northern Ireland Ministry of Commerce has abandoned its international advertising campaign geared to attract new industry. In the South, however, the Republic is in the midst of the most prosperous period in its history. In the past decade, the gross national product has doubled to \$4 billion, and exports have tripled. Emigration, which was draining Ireland of some of its best talent, is leveling off. Manufacturing—from small pottery plants to huge machinery-making factories—has surpassed agriculture as the country's chief foreign-exchange earner.

Under government development policies that include a 15-year tax holiday on export profits and non-repayable cash grants of up to half the cost of plant and equipment, some 500 new factories have gone up in Ireland. About 350 are foreign-owned, and the roster includes IBM, General Electric and Olin from the U.S., Plessey from Britain, Switzerland's Oerlikon, South Africa's De Beers, The Netherlands' Verolme United Shipyards and Germany's Liebherr. The Irish Industrial Development Authority, under Michael Killeen, 43, a former head of the Irish Export Board, will spend about \$70 million this year to help attract and finance still more new industry and modernize existing plants.

**Exaggerated Fears.** That effort is a practical response to the fact that Ireland's economic growth has shown some signs of slowing down. Last year the number of tourists dropped 6% from 1969, says Eamonn Keane, marketing

director of the Irish Tourist Board: "The troubles in Northern Ireland have frightened a lot of people." They may also have discouraged some new investment in the Republic. In fact, the fears of tourists and investors are exaggerated: life in the South is still stable, and foreigners are still cosseted. Except for the North, Ireland is a much safer place to live and work than urban America is.

Rising prices are a greater problem for Ireland than rising ire in Belfast. Inflation hit 10% in 1970, and the rate is still around 8%. Struggling valiantly to keep inflation at bay, the government has expanded existing price controls to cover the service industries. Labor unions, fearful that wage controls would be imposed, reluctantly agreed to accept raises of no more than \$5 a week until the end of this year, and then only increases of 4% plus cost of living rises in the first half of 1972. With sound management and reasonable luck, the government will avoid the dramas of last year, when strikes paralyzed Irish commercial banks for six months and closed the cement industry. C.M. Whitaker, head of the Central Bank and a leading economist, says: "The unions are now as keen as we are to lick inflation."

**Wit's End.** Helped by voluntary wage restraint, Prime Minister Jack Lynch hopes to pare inflation to 4% or 5% this year. Meanwhile, centuries after the Irish had concluded that their only natural resource was wit, commercially promising deposits of zinc and lead have been discovered in the western part of the country.

Irish butter, cheese and other farm commodities now sell in Britain at prices kept low by the Anglo-Irish Trade Agreement. But Ireland's entry into the Common Market, which could come in January 1973, should bring dividends for its quarter-million dairy farmers. Once Ireland is in, they will be able to sell more in continental Europe, where prices are higher. Irish dairy farmers' incomes could rise 50% and provide extra millions in tax revenues for the national treasury



THE IRISH TIMES

AT POTTERY PLANT IN YOUGHAL  
A haven for capital and artists.

—money that Finance Minister George Colley plans to put into industrial development, housing and social welfare programs.

**Keeping the Charm.** In its rush to modernize and expand, the government knows it must take care to avoid urban and industrial blight. That task is made easier because Ireland is still underpopulated. Foreign businessmen and tourists who delight in the country's sylvan charm and uncrowded cities need not fear impending overdevelopment. A third of Ireland's electricity is still generated in peat-fired plants. On important roads, traffic hazards are more likely to be four-footed than four-wheeled. Travel-poster castles and cottages are in abundant supply, and a special government tax break for writers and artists has persuaded about 250 of them to move to Ireland. Lured by Ireland's tranquility, friendliness and expanding economy, even some expatriates are now returning to the old sod. Says Brendan Cardiff, an executive with the Industrial Development Authority: "After living for years in Spain and Italy, I came home because now—at last—there is a real future here."



## AUTOS

### The Price of Safety

When an automaker recalls cars so that dangerous defects can be corrected free of charge, not everybody connected with the company loses money. "The average dealer is tickled pink by recalls," says Douglas Toms, director of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. "Once the defective car gets into the shop, there's a lot of other maintenance that's usually done. It's also an opportunity to sell new cars."

By that logic Chevrolet dealers may not mind a special consumer-protection bulletin that Toms issued last week. Well armed with evidence (500 documented case histories plus daily complaints from Chevy owners), the NHTSA warned that the engine mounts can give

the ceiling on impact to keep passengers from pitching against the dashboard in crashes. Many of the ESV safety features may soon find their way into other VW cars, but the ESV itself will not be marketed in the foreseeable future. VW officials reckon that the public is not ready to pay the estimated price of \$4,000.

### Richard Nixon, Car Salesman

Detroit is gratefully naming Richard Nixon the New Car Salesman of the Year. Auto sales were strong even before he froze prices; now they are going through the roof. It is much too early to tell how well the four-week-old 1972 model year will turn out, but it is clearly off to a fast start. "It is our best introductory period in history," says Robert

pany's sales jumped 50% in September, compared with the same month in 1970.

Whether or not the sales surge will continue into 1972 will depend on what happens in Phase II. The big imponderables are whether labor will accept the limits put on its pay increases, whether the dollar-defense measures will hold back the rise of imports and, most important, whether consumer confidence becomes even stronger after November.

## MARKETING

### Farewell to Esso?

The rented car swung off the forest-flanked road in the North Carolina countryside and moved into a clearing on which had been erected a bright sign bearing the cryptic letters E-X-X-O-N. Several high-priced executives climbed from the car, scrutinized the sign, conferred enthusiastically—and then just as mysteriously drove off. Within minutes, workmen ripped down the pole and emblem and sneaked away.

All this huggermuggery was to enable executives from Standard Oil of New Jersey and its Humble Oil subsidiary to get a secret peek at the mock-up of a gas-station sign that will probably become familiar to millions of American motorists. After two years of intensive sorting and musing, Jersey Standard officials have all but decided on a new brand name to be used in all the company's 28,600 U.S. stations. In a final test of consumer reaction, oil and gas are now being sold under the Exxon name at 33 company stations from New Hampshire to California. The decision represents a considerable gamble. Adopting Exxon, the company will be giving up one of the world's best-known brand names: Esso.

**Cloak-and-Dagger.** Why the switch? Ever since the 1911 breakup of the Standard Oil trust, legal restrictions have barred any firm from using the name Standard nationally—or even the name Esso (which comes from S.O.). Jersey Standard had to operate Esso stations in the East, Humble stations in Ohio, and Enco stations elsewhere. But this was no way to build strong national-brand consciousness. In their search for a new name, Esso executives worked in cloak-and-dagger secrecy. To ensure security, they typed their own letters and memos. The project even had a code name: Operation Nugget.

The search team considered thousands of possibilities, including meaningless letter combinations clacked out by computers. Because the new trademark might eventually become global, one of the company's existing brand names, Enco, was quickly discarded. In Japanese it means "stalled car." At last, after polling 7,000 consumers and testing names in 55 languages, the company chose the computer-produced name of Exxon. Its basic appeal, explains one oil executive, is that "it says nothing and it means nothing."

If, as expected, the market tests are



TESTING VOLKSWAGEN SAFETY NET  
Germany's answer to the air bag.

way on Cheviacs that were built in the model years 1965 through 1969—a total of about 5.6 million cars. The mounts consist of a layer of rubber bonded between two metal plates. When a mount gives, the engine can twist from its moorings while the car is moving. When this happens, it is possible that the gear shift will lock, the car accelerate wildly, and the brakes fail. There have been numerous crashes but no known fatalities; most drivers have remained cool enough to switch off the ignition and come to a stop. Toms' public warning advises owners to take their cars to dealers for a checkup.

In a different approach to automotive safety, Volkswagen last week showed off what it calls an "Experimental Safety Vehicle." Longer and sleeker than the standard Beetle, the ESV's key feature is three-ply steel body construction. The outer ply is buttressed with extremely strong front and rear bumpers plus structural beams along the sides. The next ply is an impact-absorbing crumple zone; then a tough inner shell shields the passenger compartment. As a last line of defense, VW is also experimenting with a net that drops from

D. Lund, Chevrolet's general sales manager. Adds Ben Bidwell, Lincoln-Mercury general manager: "Our dealers have never seen anything like today's boom."

The authoritative *Ward's Automotive Report* predicted last week: "Domestic and import new-car dealers can't miss posting a new sales-record year." Indeed, in calendar 1971, the industry expects its first 10 million-car year ever. Dealers should sell about 1,500,000 imported cars and about 8,500,000 domestic models. This compares with sales of 1,278,000 imports and 7,120,000 U.S.-made cars last year, which was slowed by a 67-day strike against General Motors.

No innovative glamour accounts for the recent leap. The 1972 model year started out with little new except strengthened bumpers. What brought most of the spurt was the freeze-produced sales of 1972-model cars at early-1971 prices, as well as the \$200 excise tax cut that President Nixon has proposed. If, as expected, Congress approves the cut, dealers will refund the tax to customers. American Motors has in fact been making excise-tax refunds even before Congress acts; the com-

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NEW ISSUE

October 8, 1971



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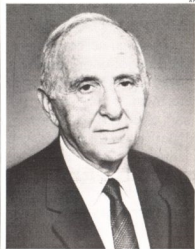
October 15, 1971

successful, the changeover should begin  
in earnest next year with an expansive  
TV ad campaign. Plans call for Hum-  
ble to be renamed Exxon U.S., and for  
Standard Oil of New Jersey to become  
Exxon Inc. The estimated cost of re-  
search, advertising and physically chang-  
ing the name on signs and other items  
is \$100 million.

## ECONOMISTS

### Nobel and Competent

John Maynard Keynes wrote that  
economists should try to be regarded  
as "humble, competent people, on a  
level with dentists." Simon Kuznets,  
who was awarded the \$90,000 tax-free  
Nobel Prize for economics last week, is  
notable both for his competence and  
for his humility. Russian-born Kuznets,  
70, who retired from a Harvard profes-  
sorship last July, coined the term



SIMON KUZNETS  
Rivaling Keynes.

"gross national product" and did much  
to develop it as a gauge of economic per-  
formance. His strength has always been  
in insisting on collection of data, rather  
than in the construction of abstract the-  
ories. John Kenneth Galbraith thinks  
that Kuznets' work paralleled that of  
Keynes, "rivaling it in importance,  
though not in fame." Economist Solom-  
on Fabricant adds: "We all live in  
the age of Keynes and Kuznets."

Ironically, Kuznets won the Nobel  
Prize at a time when many younger econ-  
omists argue that the G.N.P. misleads be-  
cause it fails to include some "non-  
market" activities, such as home-pro-  
duced food and housewives' labor, and  
does not account for pollution and en-  
vironmental damage—the "bads" that  
are produced along with the "goods."  
But Kuznets has long warned against re-  
garding the G.N.P. as infallible or ob-  
jective. Next month he will attend a  
conference at Princeton that will dis-  
cuss improved ways of measuring the  
G.N.P., and methods of accounting for  
pollution.

## CINEMA

### I Remember Mamma

French film makers appear to have an abiding and unbounded affection for childhood recollection. The results have sometimes been memorable (François Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*), occasionally even classic (Jean Vigo's *Zero for Conduct*). Such adventures into the past require a good deal of perspective if they are to be anything more than sentimental souvenirs. This quality is in short supply in Louis Malle's reminiscence, *Murmur of the Heart*.

Laurent (Benoît Ferreux) is the youngest son of a prosperous Dijon gynecologist (Daniel Gelin) and his Italian wife (Lea Massari). Laurent's brothers are well-bred juvenile delinquents, but despite a pronounced affection for mischief, Laurent is different. Hardly into adolescence, he reads Camus and writes essays on existentialism that vex his schoolmaster-priest (Michel Lonsdale). Father Henri further advances his pupil's education by making tentative homosexual advances during confession, and Laurent's brothers chip in to buy him a bout with a tolerant whore. Laurent—perhaps because of all this frenetic activity—develops a heart murmur, which requires prolonged and restful treatment.

In the company of his mother, Laurent is installed at an elegant rest home. They share the same room, and eventually the same secrets. Laurent has long known of Mamma's extramarital affair; when it ends he comforts her. She in turn gives him advice about his girl friends. Mother and son confess their admiration for each other, their dependency on each other, their love for each other, which one night becomes passionately incestuous. Next morning, after Laurent has sneaked out of his

mother's bed to pass the remainder of the night with a girl friend, father and brothers appear. Toused, shoes in hand, Laurent is observed by all coming in the door. A moment of tension between mother and son. Then the brothers, understanding only half of what they see, begin to laugh. Mamma giggles, father permits himself to smile, and Laurent, sheepish and relieved, joins in the merriment.

Malle manages the technical side of his scenario with facility. There are funny moments in the classroom and at home when Laurent and his brothers torment the family maid. Malle, however, seeks to banish the Oedipal shadows that cloud his story by turning almost everything into comedy. Instead of forming an ironic counterpoint to the dark psychology of the story, safe and easy laughter trivializes it, stifling the pain of true recall.

■ Jay Cockis

### Moving Myth

*All right we are two nations  
America our nation has been beaten  
by strangers who have bought the laws  
and fenced off the meadows and cut  
down the woods for pulp and turned  
our pleasant cities into slums . . .*

It has the staccato ring of a contemporary editorial, but the words are from John Dos Passos' *U.S.A.*, circa 1936. The outburst was triggered by the execution of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, two Italian anarchists accused of a Massachusetts robbery and killing, and tried in the atmosphere of '20s xenophobia.

The attempts to save these men gave moral impetus to the American Left, and they still exert a powerful undertow in *Sacco and Vanzetti*, an Italian film. Sacco, a fishmonger, and Vanzetti, a shoemaker, have always been simultaneously visible and obscure, martyrs but not men. As played by Gian Maria Volonte and Riccardo Cucciolla, they are credible and pathetic—good, bewildered souls whom history has scorched by its proximity. As they watch themselves railroaded to the electric chair, they shout in anger, then grow numb, and finally reach a plane of philosophy that forgives their executioners and redeems their adopted country. Director Giuliano Montaldo reconstructs the trial as if it were a kangaroo court and treats the men like innocents. This version makes dramatic sense, but it is, unfortunately, at odds with the truth. In a painstakingly researched book, *Tragedy in Dedham*, Francis Russell proved nine years ago that Nicola Sacco was indeed implicated in the murder of which he was accused. "Beyond everything else," wrote Russell, "we know that the passionately held belief that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent



CUCCIOLLA IN "SACCO & VANZETTI"  
A powerful undertow.

philosophical anarchists done to death by a reactionary and fearful capitalist society is, after all, a myth."

It is a myth with shadings of tragedy; accusation, trial, death and catharsis. It is well to remember, however, that while Sacco and Vanzetti were real men, their film biography is not the quasi documentary it pretends to be but a moving, even cataclysmic fiction.

■ Stefan Kanfer

### Soggy Daydreams

Almost everyone involved in the spectacular success of *Easy Rider*—Dennis Hopper, Peter Fonda, Jack Nicholson—has won the privilege of making his own film. The latest to do so is Henry Jaglom, a Hollywood unknown who was rumored to have worked miracles on the lengthy *Rider* footage, trimming it down and making it work. The release of Jaglom's own pretentious and confusing film, however, suggests that the rumors of his expertise were greatly exaggerated, or at least that it does not extend to directing.

*A Safe Place* concerns the soggy daydreams of a rich little hippie who is known alternately as Susan and Noah (Tuesday Weld). S/N has a button-down suitor (Philip Proctor), a lover named Mitch (Jack Nicholson) who may or may not have recently murdered his wife, and an unhappy penchant for remembering an old Jewish magician (Orson Welles) who told her parables one day long ago in Central Park. Jaglom spends most of his time cutting abruptly back and forth between scenes of fantasy and reality with a technique that is about as experimental as your cousin's old Chemcraft set. Eventually S/N, unhappy with her life, either flies away or poisons herself in a bubble bath.

*A Safe Place*, at any rate, represents a new first in the career of Orson Welles. He has been many things—wonderful,



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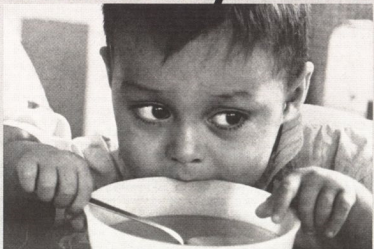
This being the tuned-in generation, Glen Underwood, (our damn-the-torpedoes promotion manager) has decided that every American (red-blooded or otherwise) should be equipped with a 1st-class, yet small and inexpensive, transistor radio and that Haverhill's should pioneer this effort. We got caught up in the challenge and vowed to produce a radio so great in performance and so ridiculous in price that it would even take Underwood (a scoffer and wise guy if there ever was one) by surprise. Result—"LITTLE BIG EAR"! It fits in the palm of your hand, weighs barely 2 ozs., is exceedingly colorful, and cute as that proverbial bug. Yet it features 6 transistors and 3 diodes, operates on one flashlight battery and covers the entire AM range with fidelity, discrimination and volume you wouldn't expect from a radio 3 times the price (or size). And that isn't all... We'll also send you our 56-PAGE CATALOG and a 52 GIFT CERTIFICATE that you may apply to your next purchase. Of course, "LITTLE BIG EAR" is Guaranteed in writing for 1 year for parts & workmanship, and you may return it within two weeks if not delighted. If you want to own a fine radio at an almost blasphemous price, clip this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and send it to us with your check for \$10.95, (\$9.95 plus \$1 for post. & ins. Calif. resid. add tax.) Do it today. When Fred Spanberger, our Controller, returns from his cost accounting seminar at the Wharton School of Finance, he may just decree a screaming halt to this whole crazy scheme.

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outrageous, overwhelming—but never before boring. Miss Weld, an actress of great talent, is disappointing. Philip Proctor congenial and Jack Nicholson apparently stoned. At one point Welles announces, in a transparently phony Yiddish accent that merits the censure of the Anti-Defamation League, that "there is no such thing as an empty hand. There's no such thing as nothing." But there is something that comes close to it—these 94 minutes on celluloid.

■ J.C.

### How to Neck in a Wheelchair

*Long Ago, Tomorrow* is a British film about two paraplegics who find their handicaps no barrier to love. There are perhaps a dozen other ways to describe the plot, none of which would make it sound any less sentimental. Moreover, Director-Scenarist Bryan Forbes (*Séance on a Wet Afternoon*) seems less dedicated to insights than to untoward assaults on the tear ducts.

A young footballer and aspiring writer (Malcolm McDowell) is abruptly struck down with an unnamed disease that cripples his legs and sours his disposition. Convalescing in a London hospital, he scoots around in his wheelchair, snorting at the chaplain, scolding doctors' advice and generally making a nuisance of himself. Soon he meets a pretty fellow patient with a similar affliction (Nanette Newman). Zapped by love, McDowell begins to sell his poems and stories and even manages to solve the thorny technical problem of how to neck in two wheelchairs. Marriage is inevitable. But not, in this kind of movie, a happy ending.

Malcolm McDowell's excellent acting lends the proceedings a strong sense of reality that they hardly deserve. At the fadeout, mourning his lost love, McDowell is brought around to accepting life again by a couple of fellow patients who engage him in a game of Ping Pong. The metaphor is trite, mawkish, ultimately ludicrous—perfectly consonant in other words with the rest of the movie.

■ J.C.

### Shuffling Along

Two cool men (James Garner and Lou Gossett) roam the pre-Civil War West performing an efficient little *Skin Game*. Taking advantage of the heavy slave traffic, Garner auctions Gossett off to the highest bidder. Gossett rolls his eyes, shuffles along behind his new master, escapes at his first chance and meets Garner outside of town, where they split the profits and have a good laugh. It all works splendidly until they run afoul of a shrewd little swindler (Susan Clark) and an angry gentleman, name of John Brown. Part adventure, part easygoing comedy, *Skin Game* is an amiable pleasure about the size of this review.

■ J.C.

## BOOKS

### Two Is Company

INTO YOUR TENT I'LL CREEP by Peter De Vries. 244 pages. Little, Brown. \$6.95.

Women's Lib has produced literary heat, but no warmth—and little humanity. The very person to redress this balance turns out to be no hot-panting tractarian, but rueful Novelist Peter De Vries, who, like Adlai Stevenson and Mark Twain, has suffered from the American assumption that anyone with a sense of humor is not to be taken seriously. De Vries is the most domestic of writers. Except for his masterpiece, *The Blood of the Lamb*, his literary charades more or less cheerfully present a more or less repetitive series of matrimonial alarms and excursions. The De Vries wife—customarily strong,

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indulgent, humorless but invaluable—acts as a combined anchor and honypot for the engaging, mercurial, hopelessly lightweight De Vriesian husband, who mostly can't pun his way out of a wet paper bag but is willing to die trying.

Betty Friedan could hardly ask for more pejorative typecasting. Still, *Into Your Tent I'll Creep* gives domestic equality a very fair run for its money. The girl is a nice French teacher named Miss Piano, whose forte is snatching the conversational ball from a man and running with it farther and more knowledgeably than he ever could. The boy is Al Banghart, a canny, easygoing Chicago skirt chaser and lowbrow who once flunked her high school French course. Besides being fond of Miss Piano, Al believes in her career. When they marry, he quits his nowhere job in the hat factory to keep house.

Al has to brush up on some short-

order cookery from his early days in a diner. But he is soon humming cheerily about their split-level, swapping recipes, gossip and, yes, much, much more with the girls in the neighborhood. Limning a scene for the inevitable Walter Matthau film that should result from this book, De Vries offers a cuckolded husband bursting into the Banghart kitchen justly bent on vengeance, only to be disarmed and routed by Tomcat Al in a fluffy apron, just putting his potatoes on. "Mmyes?" says Al, delicately smoothing an eyebrow.

Mrs. Banghart is not so easily deceived. Instead of being angry at Al's philandering, however, she is pleased. Nudged by a society not yet ready for Women's Lib, she had been wondering whether he was really masculine enough and fretting about the unfairness of keeping him "enslaved" at home. Being able to call him a rat is pure therapy. Still, she cannot quite shake the notion that it is unnatural for a healthy man to keep house.

**Sweetbreads Gramercy.** De Vries wisely does not wrestle with the gristly question of whether or not such regressive female reflexes can be reconditioned. He simply launches Al on a career—at his wife's request. This allows a few familiar diversions. Al's upward mobility, for instance, is traced in increasingly fancy expense-account menus ("O Clams Casino! O Sweetbreads Gramercy!") and escalating malapropisms: "What atmosphere! This place sure has milieu." His inevitable professional decline thereafter produces a characteristic coda: "Going downhill is uphill work all the way, baby cakes."

The usual De Vries Episcopal pastor appears, too, treating divorce as a sacrament in his congregation, perfectly happy celebrating Communion with "an outspoken little Châteauneuf-du-Pape," dearly beloved, until the tragedy of true belief falls like an avalanche upon him. With a little clerical encouragement, Al and Miss Piano separate, not because of equality or infidelity or insolvency or any of those old or new domestic saws. It is simple wear and tear. For the moment, she explains, she cannot face Al's repeated efforts at "a fresh start, leading to a whole new set of shambles." To no one's surprise, they are subsequently reunited, probably for good or ill, in Westport, Conn.

Plot is not Peter De Vries' thing. Neither is message. But he handles marriage with a fine affection, suggesting, among other things, that it is women who customarily treat men with chivalric restraint, rather than the other way around. He also communicates a feeling that the relationship between the sexes is too complicated, cursed, blessed, exasperating and, above all, personal, to be left to the likes of Norman Mailer, Dr. Reuben or Germaine Greer.

■Timothy Faote

### Wodehouse Aeternus

JEEVES AND THE TIE THAT BINDS by P.G. Wodehouse. 189 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$5.95.

As usual, the plot begins to thicken no later than the top of page 2. Bertie Wooster has just escaped from the clutching hands of Madeline Bassett, Sir Watkyn's daughter, and is reflecting on the joys of freedom. "I've seldom had a sharper attack of euphoria," he tells Jeeves over the eggs and bacon. "I feel full to the brim of Vitamin B. Mind you, I don't know how long it will last. Too often it is when one feels fizziest that the storm clouds begin doing their stuff."

The inevitable thunderclap comes in the form of a telephone call from his Aunt Dahlia, who invites him down to her estate near Market Snodsbury. Who

GERALD CLARKE



WODEHOUSE, WITH WIFE & FRIENDS

A suet pudding in a high wind.

should be there but Madeline Bassett and her new fiancé, the seventh Earl of Sidecup, not to mention the beautiful but bossy Florence Craye, a millionaire businessman called L.P. Runkle, and a bounder by the name of Bingley. Add to that Bertie, a mobile magnet for disaster, and you have literary lunacy of a high order—P.G. Wodehouse in near-perfect form. In no time at all, the Earl of Sidecup has caught Bertie in an innocent but compromising position with his fiancée, Florence has threatened to marry him, and Runkle has promised to jail him for the theft of his 17th century silver porringer.

**The Perfect Martini.** Experienced Wodehouse readers will remain cheerfully secure in the knowledge that Jeeves will cleverly spring Bertie from these catapylms. So unique is the Wodehouse brand of humor, however, that to describe it is as thankless and bootless as

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describing the taste of the perfect martini. Wodehouse (pronounced Woodhouse) can be compared to no other novelist, living or dead. His literary ancestor, instead, is the Roman dramatist Plautus, and, like Plautus, he is the manufacturer of a thousand comically crossed connections.

And what characters to cross them! Bertie and Jeeves; bumbling Lord Emsworth and the Empress of Blandings, his prize pig; the elegant sybarite Psmith, who believes that early rising leads to insanity; and that boozy American Biffen, who inspired one of the master's famous similes: "He quivered like a suet pudding in a high wind." Whatever it is, the Wodehouse formula is clearly simple—so simple that the secret will probably die with its creator.

That event, however, seems a remote calamity. As he celebrated his 90th birthday and the publication of his 90th-odd book last week, Pelham Grenville Wodehouse—known as "Plum" to his friends and "Plummie" to Ethel, his wife of 57 years—was still in good form, working on a new novel and surrounded by the inevitable dogs and cats in his house at Remsenburg, a serene little town on Long Island's south shore.

Unlike most writers, Wodehouse relaxes first and works later. After a lazy morning, he has lunch—"I don't feel bright until after lunch"—and then, a few minutes before 3:30, drops everything to sit before the TV set and wait for *The Edge of Night*, a soap opera that, for some inexplicable reason, never fails to enthrall him. At four, Wodehouse begins to write. If he is into a novel, he sits down at his desk with a legal pad and a Royal electric. "I used to be able to get down 2,000 words a day," he laments. "Now I'm happy if I can do 1,000." If he is still in the thinking stage, however, he sits in an armchair, his pipe rack beside him, and a dog or cat on his lap. Before arriving at his usual labyrinthine mystery-style plot—he is "awfully keen" on Agatha Christie and Rex Stout—he jots down something like 400 pages of notes. "I do like a book with an elaborate plot," he says. Old age? Piffle! "As long as I'm in a chair thinking, I seem to be as young as ever. It's only when I do a three- or four-mile walk that I find the difficulty."

Did the world Wodehouse writes about ever exist? "Oh, I think so," he says. "Before the first World War, you know, practically everyone had money. The Bertie Wooster type was a very familiar character in those days, and there were dozens of Jeeveses." Surely, though, no one wore the spats he describes. "Oh, rather," he says—"Oh, rather" being an all-purpose phrase that can express either agreement or disagreement. "I used to go about in spats. They were wonderful things. They kept your ankles warm and your socks clean. The real name was spatterdashers, you know. They were rather a dressy thing,

and you looked quite nice in them." He continues in a more somber voice: "It's very curious being out-of-date. I'm rather stuck with a world that doesn't exist anymore. I shouldn't think there's a Jeeves in England today."

Though Wodehouse is currently considering a trip back to England, his first since 1939, he seems a bit afraid of destroying fine memories, perhaps of ringing the doorbell of a stately home and being greeted by the mistress in curlers and the master in his undershirt. "Has it changed much?" he asks in a worried voice. He looks both pleased and relieved when the answer is no, not all that much.

■ Gerald Clarke

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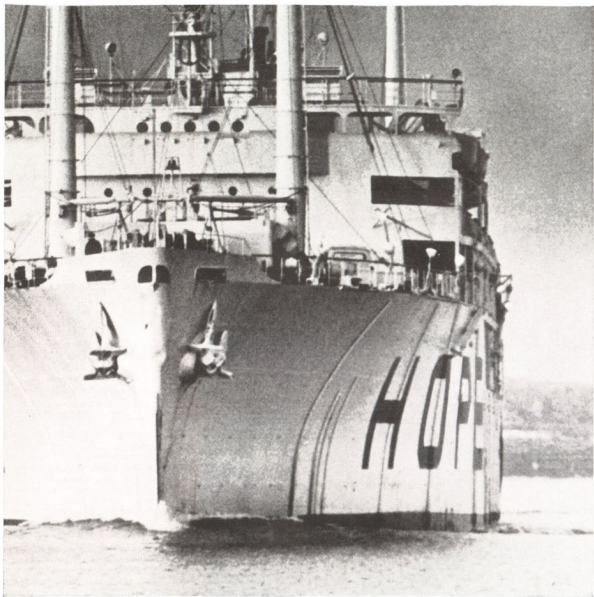
PIERS PAUL READ  
Exposing false innocents.

## Hope Against Hope

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER by Piers Paul Read. 276 pages. Lippincott, \$6.95.

Piers Paul Read is a young English novelist with a specialty: exposing false innocents. He writes cool little horror stories about decent, well-intentioned people who suddenly find themselves up to their lily-white necks in evil. Good but tragically unaware Germans before World War II (*The Junkers*), for instance. Or the rich English boy (*Monk Dawson*) who sets out to be a saint, rather as if he were joining a club. Almost sinisterly quiet in tone, Read is a sad, skilled connoisseur of the moral blindness that occurs when self-righteousness and self-interest try to be one.

If the late J.P. Marquand had been crossed with Graham Greene, *The Professor's Daughter* might well have been the literary result. Here Read has zeroed in on another moral elitist, American style. Henry Rutledge is a double aristocrat—a professor at Harvard and the scion of an old Yankee family. The



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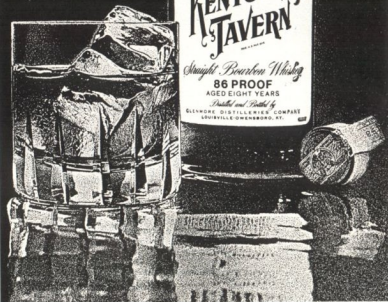
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sort of New Deal liberal who receives \$3,500,000 from his parents as a little wedding gift, Henry has been an effortless and graceful overachiever. All that can be obtained by caste, money, good looks, charm and intelligence belongs to him. His home is decorated with originals by Renoir, Rothko and Braque, as well as by a wife who is very nearly as elitist as himself. He starts at academic conferences and commutes to Washington to advise an old friend and fellow millionaire, Bill Laughlin, about his ascending political career.

Rutledge has produced the obligatory respected books—*The German Tradition in American Political Thought*—and the obligatory handsome children. But with his daughters, the unflawed pattern begins to crack. Though Louisa, the older girl, is as in love with her father as he is with her—a near case of incest—she senses the dry rot behind his probity. Touring Africa, she sees Third World poverty and asks her father to put his money where his mouth is. The radicalizing of his teen-ager catches Henry faking. He begs the question. Like a deceptively mild inquisitor, Author Read keeps turning the screws. Louisa moves on to the Free-Speech Berkeley of the mid-'60s and comes home after being liberated, married and divorced, all by 19. When she begins picking up bartenders on Boston Common and joins a revolutionary cell made up of his own students, Henry can no longer duck his daughter or himself.

Once he has forced Henry's confrontation with conscience, however, Read is rather at a loss. Are the young revolutionaries worth his or Henry's burgeoning sympathies? Read never quite makes things clear. Clouding his own novelist's dilemmas with heavy melodrama, he kills off Henry with a bullet from the movement. Henry dies as ambivalently as he lived. Read has not so much shaped a resolution as confessed that he dare not imagine one. He seems paralyzed by suppressed hope the way other authors get paralyzed by suppressed despair.

■ Melvin Maddocks

## Super-Jesus in Surgery

HEARTS by Thomas Thompson. 304 pages. McCall. \$7.95.

Is there something special about the American way of life that tends to cause heart attacks? In a land afflicted with high-cholesterol diets and high-pressure lives, at any rate, heart attacks are a major cause of death. So it is only natural that the world's two leading temples of heart surgery should be American: Methodist Hospital and the Texas Heart Institute, both in Houston. Each of those imposing centers is largely the work of one man. Dr. Michael DeBakey (TIME cover, May 28, 1965), son of a Lebanese immigrant, built Methodist to greatness; Dr. Denton Cooley, his onetime protégé turned bitter



DeBAKEY & COOLEY (DOUBLE-EXPOSED)  
The incompatibility of enormous egos.

rival, founded the Texas Heart Institute.

In *Hearts*, Thomas Thompson tells the story of these two master surgeons, concentrating on their unsuccessful but dramatic experiments with the heart transplant, an operation first executed by South Africa's Dr. Christiaan Barnard. Thompson, a Texan and a staff writer for *LIFE*, spent several months in Houston last year after the transplant frenzy had subsided. He made rounds with DeBakey, Cooley and their entourages, donned surgical green to watch operations, and talked with dozens of doctors and patients. He has put together a somewhat disjointed but compelling account of a rarefied sphere in the world of medicine.

Okay, Groucho. As Thompson presents them, DeBakey and Cooley each possess a politician's cunning and a financier's wizardry. Both are men of great physical dexterity and enormous ego, disciplined and unforgiving. One Houston pediatric surgeon said of them: "You take these guys out of surgery and put them in business or industry, and they'd be Ross Perot or Bernie Cornfeld. Wait, make that Tom Watson or Henry Ford."

DeBakey apparently plays his role unmercifully as a minor deity among the residents who work for him, testing them almost beyond endurance. In the operating room, he is given to exasperation: "With a third hand I could do it all myself!" Both men, naturally, are fantastically skillful. In surgery, Cooley once joked: "You practice for this procedure by circumcising gnats." But they are also driven by an almost compulsive devotion to work and a kind of superb arrogance. Each has appeared in surgery while ill and insisted upon operating.

Thompson's sketch of Cooley is not as vivid as his picture of DeBakey; the

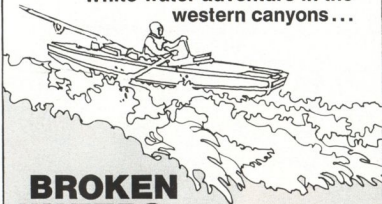
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author confesses that Cooley remained an enigma to him. But he offers a nice account of the slow falling out between the two surgeons during their ten-year-long collaboration. One surgeon told Thompson: "Denton felt that every time he did something important, Mike got credit for it. Denton had become the best heart-cutter in the world and nobody outside the medical societies knew his name." Another hospital official added: "Basically it was the incompatibility of two enormous egos. One day after some bickering over something, Denton said in a quiet little voice that hardly anybody heard, 'Okay, Groucho, have it your way!' Mike had a mustache then and looked a little like Groucho Marx. And Denton left and went across the way and, in effect, never came back."

**Sewing and Patching.** Thompson's narrative is heightened by a personal drama: his son Scott, then nine, had a heart murmur. One of the Houston heart men discovered that Scott's was a false murmur that would clear up within a few years. That is an exuberant moment that any parent can share. By contrast, the book's most flat and chilling passage recounts a dinner conversation with Dr. Grady Hallman, an associate of Cooley's. "Excellence comes out of experience and nothing else," said Hallman. "I know a lot of people who are dead today because I operated on them early in my career. If I could do them tomorrow, they'd be alive."

Surgeons have something in common with auto mechanics and TV repairmen, since all are devoted to curing ills that baffle the amateur. But the men who cut and patch and sew the human heart inspire awe even among cynics, precisely because they are working at the beating heart of life. That sense of awe and vulnerability lends Thompson's work a special source of drama.

■ Keith R. Johnson

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION


1. The Exorcist, Blatty (1 last week)
2. The Day of the Jackal, Forsyth (2)
3. The Other, Tryon (3)
4. Wheels, Hailey (4)
5. Message from Malaga, MacInnes (5)
6. The Shadow of the Lynx, Holt (6)
7. The Drifters, Michener (7)
8. Theirs Was the Kingdom, Delderfield (8)
9. The Passions of the Mind, Stone
10. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (9)

#### NONFICTION

1. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (1)
2. Any Woman Can, Reuben (2)
3. Without Marx or Jesus, Revel (8)
4. The Sensuous Man, "M" (3)
5. Do You Sincerely Want to Be Rich?, Raw, Page and Hodgson (5)
6. Beyond Freedom and Dignity, B.F. Skinner (9)
7. The Gift Horse, Knief (6)
8. The Female Eunuch, Greer (4)
9. America, Inc., Mintz and Cohen (10)
10. The Ra Expeditions, Heyerdahl (7)







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